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ANNEX

2

Old English Drama

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**The Blind Beggar
of Bednall Green**

Written by John Day 1659

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Old English Drama

STUDENTS' FACSIMILE EDITION

The Blind Beggar of Bednall Green

Written by John Day

1659

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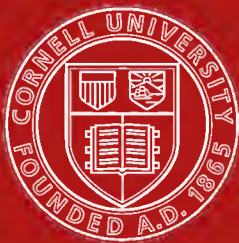
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THE
BLIND-BEGGAR
OF
BEDNAL-GREEN,
VVITH

The merry humor of *Tom Strowd* the
Norfolk Yeoman, as it was diuers
times publickly acted by the Princes
Servants.

Written by JOHN DAY.



LONDON,

Printed for R. Pollard, and Tho. Dring, and are to
be sold at the Ben Johnsons Head, behind the
Exchange, and the George in Fleetstreet, near Saint
Dunstons Church. 1659.



Drammatis Personæ.

King Henry the sixth.
 Duke of *Gloster*, Protector.
Momford the Blind-beggar.
Bedford, a Noble-man.
Bewford, Lord Cardinal.
Sir Robert Westford, Brother and private enemy to *Momford*.
Captain Westford, true Friend to *Momford*.
Sir Walter Paynsey, a Lover of *Ellanor*.
Young Playnsey, Troth-plight Husband of *Bess Momford*.
Old Strowd, a Norfolk Yeoman.
Tom Strowd his Son.
Swah his man, and Clown.
Canbee }
Hadland, } two Cheats,
Snip their Boy.
Ellanor, old *Playnsey's* Ward.
Bess the Blind-beggars Daughter.
Kate *Sir Roberts* Daughter.
Switzer, *Vitler*, *Landeress*, *Armorer*, *Carter*, *Souldiers*, *Officers*, and *Attendants*.

Scene Bednal Green.



The Blind-Beggar of *Bed-* *nall-Green.*

ACT I.

Enter Bedford, Sir Robert Westford, Captain
Westford and Souldiers.

Bed. **Y**OU Peers of *England* that with awfull dread *Drum.*
Have pac'd on the green Garments of fair *France*,

Here ceate a while, and give the *French-men* rest,
That they may know whose Sovereignty is best,
Either the Dolphin, or our Royal Lords.

But what avails our Conquests far from home,
When civil Discords stir uncivil arms
In the Kings Chamber, *London*, nay, his Court ?
See Lords, read what is written there.

By blest *Sr. Peter, Gloster* is to blame,
And *Winchester* hath neither grace nor shame.

Sir Rob. Yes my Lord, he is Lord Cardinals grace.

Bed. Lord Cardinal ! marry fie, he was proud before,
But now his *Hat* exalts his proud heart more :
But when I come among them, Ile make them know
The benefit of Peace ; fall out for women,

Wrangle at a word ? the one's Protector
Of a sacred Prince, the other made a Prince *Drum a far off.*
Amongst the Prelates ; though *Bewford* basely born
Ile write to them : if with regardless eyes our lines they read,
VVe'll over and cut off their factious head

Sir Rob. About old *Playns* son what says your Excellency ?

Bed. *Sir Walters* son, marry *Sir Rob. Westford* ; *March a far off.*
B
This

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

This Drum I think marcheth from *Amiens*,
It should be he, I sent him for the Prisoners.

*Enter young Plainsey with Drum and Souldiers,
and a Switzar.*

T. Playn. Health to your Excellence most gracious Regent,
Playnsey long Prisoner in *Amiens*,
Released by *Momfords* bounty and your care,
Requests before these Prisoners be dismiss
This *Switzar* may be searcht, for last night late
I heard a Gentleman tell him in Dutch,
If he would bear a Letter to a Lord,
With whom *Veleires* had intelligence,
He should receive in hand ten Crowns in gold,
And 30 more when 'twas deliver'd him.

Bed. Who was it promis'd you so large reward?

Switz. On frolick yonker,

Dat is de Scryven Ick Doeniit for-flow

De secretarie to *Van Here Veleires*

Bed. He was the Secretary to the Governour?

Swiz. Yaw, yaw, mine Here.

Bed. Who were they sent unto?

Swiz. To van *Heren Momford* dat is de grave van *Callis* ant van
Dar is deen script deen Letters wart you see then.

Bed. To *Momford*! what should *Veleires* write to *Momford*? *Read.*

Sr. Rob. *Playnsey* is this the plot for *Momfords* fall?

T. Playn. It is, and be assured that down he shall.

Sr. Rob. Oh let me hugg thee! thou hast won my heart!

T. Playn. Forbear, leit the sharp eye of Jealousie,
See by this suddain Joy our Injury.

Sr. Rob. When it breaks forth wee'l seem to weep for grief.

Bed. Lords take your places, and Mr. *Playnsey* take your seat,
For in this business your desert is great.

See here's a Letter sent from *Amiens* unto *Momford*.

Omnes. How, unto *Momford*!

Bed. Yes, and if this speak right,
Momford betray'd *Gaynes* on Friday night,
And means to morrow ere the Sun be set
To yield up *Callis* to the enemy.

Cap. West. High Heaven for-send it, gracious General.
I think there breaths not a more noble Spirit

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

In any Souldiers breast, than noble *Momfords*.

T. Playn. I'll gage my life Lord *Momford* will be loyal.

Bed. We would be loath to find him otherwise: *Enter Momford*

But here he comes himself, his eyes bewray

Sorrow, as clouds fore-shew a stormy day.

Momf. Better success betide my Noble Lords,

Than hath befalln the miserable *Momford*.

Bed. What hath befalln thee?

Momf. *Guynes*, *Guynes*, is betray'd.

Bed. And when must *Callis* be surrendered?

Momf. Never while *Momford* hath the charge of it.

Bed. Yes, if thou have the charge of it this night

It must be yielded unto false *Veleiras*.

Here's a large promise of ten thousand Marks,

Your praise for Fridays work in yielding *Guynes*.

Know you this hand? Oh that on silver hairs,

After much honour won in flowering Youth,

Should sit so huge a shame as on thine doth.

Momf. My Lord! Lords all! this is conspiracy.

Bed. True, conspiracy in thee, for there he stands

That should have brought that Letter to thy hands.

Momf. This fellow fled from *Hance Beamart* the Traitor,

The *Walloon* Captain that betray'd the Lanthorn,

And so by consequence the Fort of *Guynes*.

Bed. *Momford* no more, his free confession

Hath purchased his pardon, fellow it say,

Amongst our *English*, and expect good pay.

Swiz. Thank hab mine Here, lets *Jacob* gilt habben,

And Ick fall fight wid ten hunderd rowland Divels.

Exit Swiz.

Momf. Shall such a one touch *Momfords* reputation?

Bed. These Letters and the accidents succeeding

Condemn thee, and thou know't by Law of Arms

Thou merit't death with more than common torture:

But thy exceeding vallour of en tride,

Sets open Mercies gate, whose gentle hand

Leads thee from death, but leaves thee banished

From *England*, and the Realms and Provinces

Under protection of the *English* King,

Only thy Lands and Goods thou shalt enjoy,

And whereloeve from them be still maintain'd.

Momf. My gracious Lord!

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Bed. Thou find'st but too much grace.

Momf. Here me but speak.

Bed. No more; we must away.

To win by force the Town thou didst betray.

Exeunt.

Momf. Oh miserable! miserable man!

Falls.

West. Why do you faint? why fall you on the ground?

Sir Rob. Cosen arise.

Manet Momford. Sir Rob. Y. Playnsfey, and Cap. Welford.

Y. Playn. Father, you are my Father!

The Lady *Elizabeth* your noble Daughter

Is my affied wife, for her sake rise,

And stop this tide of woe that drowns your eyes.

Momf. Oh miserable, miserable Man!

Dishonours-abeft, base reproaches scorn,

Why was mine age to this disaster born?

Cap. West. Comfort your self, let not condemn'd despair

Add to your sorrow, more than common care.

If you be just, as I suppose you be,

Know Innocence ends not in misery;

Kings have had falls, great Souldiers overthrown;

No riches in this earth is a mans own,

He strives, he toyls, with many pains he takes it,

In an age gets it, in one hour forsakes it.

Enter Luce the Landresse and 3 others.

(good,

Viler. Hee's yonder ye', hee's disgrac'd, and can do us no more

Therefore let every man ask his own. Follow me Sirs,

Ile speak to the purpose and stand too'r.

(Army,

Luce. Nay Sailer by your leave I'll stand to the best man in the

And have my due before the proudest of ye, if I do not,

Say *Luce* the Landress is your Shee-asle to bear for others,

I'll venture upon him, let him take it as he will.

Enter Souldier

All. Do *Luce*, wee'll be rul'd by thee.

Luce. My Lord, my Noble Lord, I am sorry for your weak estate,
I hope for all this to see you up again, here's 4 poor Creatures of us;
amongst the rest I am *Luce* your poor Landress, that have
washt you, and trim'd you, and starch't you, and as I have done
for you, I have done my part with all your company, heres my Bill,
I pray see me cross.

Momf. VVhat do I owe thee woman?

Luce. Nine pound, nine shillings, and nine pence my Lord.

Momf.

The Blind-Beggar of Bennall-Green.

Momf. There's 10 pound for thee.

Luce, Oh good Noble man ! that ever, that ever I should see thee thus down, adown !

Vitler. Your poor Vitler Sir, where your Lordships men went o'th' ticker.

Armor. Your Armorer an't please your Honor.

Carter. Your Carter Sir for carriages.

Momf. VVhat owe I thee ?

Vitler. Some (7 marks) an't like ye.

Momf. VVhat thee ?

Armor. Twelve pound.

Momf. VVhat thee ?

Carter. About some 20 Nobles.

Momf. Ther's 30 pound amongst ye, all I have,
The Treasurer owes me some two thousand Marks.

All 4. God blesse ye Sir, and lend it ye.

Exeunt Luce and the rest.

Momf. VVherefore stayest thou my Friend? Oh I know thee now !

Thou art not impudent, thou canst not begg,
Thou art a Souldier, and thy wound-plow'd face
Hath every furrow fill'd with falling tears,
That arms and honour should be thus dildain'd.
I have no gold to give thee, but this chain,
I pray thee rake it friend, thou griev'lt at me,
And I am griev'd thy want and wounds to see.

Soul. My silent prayer my hearts love shall express.
Heaven succour you, as you help my distrefs.

Momf. Brother Sir *Robert*, if you do not scorn

Momfords disgraced name, and Mr. *Playnsfey*,

Son I should call ye if all vows be kept,

VVill you vouchsafe to tarry here a while

Till I go down unto the Treasurers tent?

It may be he will pay me all my due.

T. Playn. Father I'll wait for you, and weep for woe,
That I have liv'd to see your overthrow.

Sir Rob. VVell, I'll stay too, or bear ye company,
For your distrefs doth make my woes abound.

Momf. Come Cosen Captain *Westford* walk with me.

Cap. West. To do you good I'd go though't be to death.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Exeunt. Manet Sir Robert, and young Playnsey.

Sir Rob. Ha, ha, ha, gill, gill, gill, I have been ready to burst.
Son pray thee tell me how thou laid'st this plot?

Y. Playn. Marry *Sir Robert* thus, when I perceiv'd
Your great desire for *Momfords* overthrow,
I got intelligence at *Amiens*,
How one *Beaumart* a Captain in *Gwynes* Fort
Offer'd to sell it to the Governor,
Having this light, about a two months since,
I wilfully was taken Prisoner,
Born into *Amiens*, where I was confirm'd
And knew the very time of taking *Gwynes*,
On Thursday evening I attir'd my self
Like *Velaire's* Secretary *Lancelot*,

Came to the Prison where the *Switzer* lay,
For I had liberty to walk the Town,
Had all my Ransome ready sent by *Momford*,
And only tarry'd for our *English* Drum,
That should exchange *French* Prisoners for the *English*,
The *Switzer* being one that stay'd with us.

Sir Rob. So, I understand ye; but in the end
How dealt ye with the *Switzer* for the Letter?

Y. Playn. I brought it home in secret, gave him charge
To give it *Momford* with all able speed,
Promising 30 Crowns; besides those ten
I gave him first, of noble *Momford's* bounty:
He took me for *Velaire's* Secretarie;
But now you see the end, *Momford's* disgrac'd,
And I am unsuspected in this case.

Sir Rob. Excellent good! I hug thee gentle *Playnsey*.

Y. Playn. But tell me pray, How goes all in *England*?

Sir Rob. Marry I'll tell thee *Gill*, thy Father's Ward
The Lady *Ellenor*, shall be his Wife.

Y. Playn. The Duke of *Gloster* will not suffer that.

Sir Rob. Tut, tut, it's all but talk, it's all but lyes;
So does the Cardinal make show of Love,
But tittle tittle, tittle, tittle, but tittle;
He shall have Lady *Ellenor* no doubt;
Say she die childless, there is land for you,
You marry with my daughter, there is my heir.

Still

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Still Mr. *Playnsey* there is land for you;
I'll turn out *Momfords* daughter forth of doors,
Seise all her goods and lands by a device;
Still Mr. *Playnsey* there is Land for you.

T. Playn. But how I pray? What colour have you for it?

Sir Rob. Marry Son thus, About a twelvemonth since
Momford in trust made me a Deed of Gift
Of all he had, excepting certain land
Morgag'd unto a *Norfolk* man, one *Strowd* of *Harling*,
Now Sir I am acquainted with an odd Consort,
One *Cabot*, that doth serve the Cardinal.

T. Playn. Oh he can cheat, take purses, forge mens hands;

Sir Rob. The same, the same, he sac'd out that Exception,
And put in other matter to my liking;
So I'll defeat old *Strowd*, turn out *Besse Momford*,
All shall be mine, and after mine all thine.

T. Playn. No more, *Momford* returns.

Enter Momford, and Captain Westford.

Momf. Captain, Ye see
That men dejected bust hear injury.
He knowes I am exil'd, and cannot stay,
And yet he drives me to a longer day.

Cap. Westford. There is a hundred pound, ye shall not chuse.

Sir Rob. I faith my Noble Cozen, I and *Playnsey*
Are without mony, but send into *England*,
Ye shall not want for 20 thousand pound.

Momf. Brother Sir *Robert* I put trust in you,
This Ring shall come within a day or two.

Sir Rob. I cannot speak for grief!

Momf. No more can I,
This wind ere the Sun set will let you see
London, that nere must be beheld of me.
Commend me to my Daughter, love her *Playnsey*;
Part silent, let your sighs serve for reply.
Captain think on *Strowds* mortgage, and farewell.
They shall see *London*, they shall see my Child,
But *Momford* must not, for he is exil'd.
I am exil'd, Yet I will *England* see,
And live in *England* 'tisight of infamy.
In some disguise I'll live, perhaps I'll turn
A Beggar, for a Beggars life is best,

*They embrace.
Exeunt, ma-
net Momf.*

His

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

His Dyet is in each mans Kitchin drest,
But first I'll like an aged Souldier
Carry mine own Ring to Sir Robert Westford,
They say 'tis good to try Friends, him I'll try,
Though I believe he love me stedfastly.

Ex. Momf.

Enter old Playnsey, and Lady Ellenor.

Lady. Sir Walter Playnsey.

Old Playn. Lady Ellenor,

You are too strong in this opinion,
I yield you are my wardship, and that desire
To your Revenews, more than true hearts love,
Enfore'd me beg your wardship of the King.

Lady. I do believe you Sir, for did you look
Into my Scare with an indifferent eye,
Or love me half so well as you make shew,
You would——

Old Playn. Come, come, I know what you would say,
You think I am your Foe, because I keep you
From private conference with the Duke of Gloster,
And his proud Uncle the Lord Cardinal,
That divers times have practis'd sundry plots
To steal you from my house.

Lady. Your love's but feign'd,
Because you say you love me for my living.

Old Playn. I say my first love took first life from thence,

But since more dear familiarity
Hath brought forth perfect and true shapen love.

I love you Lady, and you are mine own,

Mine in possession, and I do intend

To make you mine by lawfull marriage,

Then blame me not if being all my joy,

And the high-prized Jewel of my heart,

I over-look you with a wary eye,

Lest Gloster, or the Bastard Cardinal

Should with their swelling Protestations,

Cheat my fair meaning of thy hopefull love.

Knock.

Enter a Serv.

Serv. Sir here's a Servant from the Duke of Gloster
Hath brought you Letters.

Old Playn. How! Letters to me!

No thou mistak'it, they come to Ellenor,

Enter

The Blind-Beggar of *Bednall-Green*.

Enter Gloster disguised with a Letter.

Gloster. My Lord and Master greets Sir *Walter Playnsey*,

Old Playn. I do accept his honourable love

With more than mean or ordinary care.

He doth intreat me to come and speak with him

About some certain Letters come from *France*,

Touching the present fortunes of my Son

Lately rane Prisoner by the bloodie *French*.

He shall command far more than he intreats.

How now? whose that which knocks?

Serv. One of the Cardinals men.

Old Playn. Bid him to come in.

Enter the Cardinal disguised with Letters.

Card. Sir *Walter Playnsey*,

From my Lord Cardinals grace of *Winchester*

I greet thee well, and charge thee without stay

To come, and answer such objections

As may by him be laid unto thy charge

Gloster. Oh you should be his Sumner by your message.

Card. And if I do not take my marks amiss

Thou shouldst be *Glosters* Skullion.

Gloster. How ye Groom?

I am as good a man, and better born

Than up-start *Bewford* the base Cardinal.

Card. Sirrah! wert not thou in presence of this Lady

Whose love my Lord doth prize above his life,

I'd scorn to take these braves at *Glosters* hands,

Much less at thine. Madam know I am *Bewford*,

And for your love do undergo this scorn.

Lady. Then for my love let all these quarrels cease,

For fear Sir *Walter* do discover you.

Gloster. Hadst thou been Servant to the meanest man

That breaths in *England*, being legitimate,

I would have born with thee: but thou to brave me,

Whose Master I esteem as basely on,

As on thy words, I cannot put it up,

For Madam know, that howsoere disguis'd

My name is *Gloster*, who holds scorn—

Lady. No more,

If ever I had interest in your love,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Shew it in silence, that the Cardinal
Who comes disguis'd, arm'd with some base resolve
To get me hence by forein violence.

Gloft. Is't possible that his disguise should meet,
So just with mine?

Lady. 'Tis true, he told me all.

Gloft. Wo'd we were well rid of his company.

Lady. Do you but send away Sir *Walter Playnsey*,
Let me alone to pack the Cardinal.

Both. What do you say Sir *Walter*?

Old Playn. There is some hidden secret in this message
Which *Playnsey* sounds not, but I'll go to them both.

Gloft. But Sir I hope you'll go to *Gloster* first.

Card. And why to *Gloster* first?

Gloft. 'Cause hee's the better man.

Card. He lyes that sayes it.

Gloft. Were the Cardinal

Bewford himself apparell'd in thy cloaths,
I'd cross his pate for giving me the lye.

Old Playn. Keep the Kings peace Sir.

Gloft. Sir *Walter*, so I will,

Yet the worst boy that feeds on *Glosters* beef,
Holds it high scorn to pocket up the lye.

At ere a Sumners hand that follows *Bewford*.

Card. Thou durst not speak this in another place?

Gloft. Yes here, or any where, to *Bewfords* face,
Even to his teeth, and I would thou wert he.

Card. Shall I be brav'd? oh I could tear my flesh,
And eat his heart for this disparagement,
I fear he knows me, and to work my shame.
He braves me thus before my Mrs. face;
But *Bewford* with a shower of patience,
Lay the rough wind of thy distemper'd thoughts,
For my vext Soul hathane a solemn oath
Nere to kiss comfort till I be reveng'd.

Old Playn. Nay Gentlemen, howsoever private brawls
Have set your Lords and Masters at debate,
Let my intreats so much prevail with you,
As in my house to use no violence,
And so I pray rest pleas'd, for ere I sleep

Draw.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

I do intend to visit both my Lords.

Willst please you walk along for company?

Card. I would, but I must stay an hour or two
About some other business in the Town.

Gloft. About my Love you mean, but Cardinal
Heres one will do that business to your hand.

Old Playn. Why then fare Well to you both.

Exit old Playn.

Both. Adue Sir *Walter Playnsay.*

Lady. A word with you my good Lord Cardinal,
Your Brothers man seems very quarrellsome,
And should you both stay, there might grow some jars,
Which to prevent, I would intreat your grace
To walk before into the *Spittle-field.*

Willst with good words I send away this Fellow,
Which done, I'll chuse my opportunity,
And in the absence of Sir *Walter Playnsay*
Get out, and meet you at the Orchard-gate,
And there conclude about some stratageme
To make you Master of your own desires.

Card. Enough sweet Lady: Sirrah Horse-courser,
I'll course you one day for your Jadish tricks.

Glo. Jades a fit Title for an Aile like thee,
That canst not kick, but bear all injury.

Manner Glo. & Elle.

Come Madam now let's go, the Cardinals mad
To lose thee thus; then banish hence all fear,
Gloster is on thy side.

Exeunt.

Enter Canbee and Hadland, and Cardinal.

Can. Sirrah Jack.

Had. What sayest thou *Frank*,

Can. How you base Rogue, nere an (*M.*) under your Girdle,
have I prefer'd thee to my good Lord Cardinal here, and am I no
better than your homespun *Frank*.

Had. *Canbee*, let me nere take purse again, and I think not, but
thou and this *Tom Tawny coat* here gull me, make me your cheat,
your gull, your strowd, your *Norfolk Dumpling*, whom when you
cheated him of his sattin-suit, left naked abed to the mercy of his
hottels.

Can. And I damb thee not for thy unbelief.
Call *Canbee* Coward (thinkst thou) I wo'd have lost this evenings
work, but for my Noble, my Princely Lord Cardinal? no.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Had. That's some reason indeed, but Prince and Cardinal if thou be, *Jack-Hadland* swears by the bawld Crown of King *Carnifax* the meeting thy greatness this evening has dampnified our receipts at least six purles.

Card. Be what you will be both, only be resolute
In any quarrel against *Glosters* men,
And on mine honour I'll reward ye well.

Can. My Lord, and ye were able to give him as much Land as would lie between *Winchester* and *Walsingham*, he wo'd be your prigger, your prancer, your high-lawyer, your—

Had. Your nipper, your foyst, your rogue, your cheat, your fander, your any vild thing that may be, sblud the worst that any man can say of me is, that I am a tall Theef, and the best that any man can say of thee is, that thou art a base Rogue and a Cheater.

Can. I'll jerk ye for this ye slave.

Card. Nay Sirs be Friends, hold ye, here's gold,
Do but asist me against *Glosters* life
And I'll reward you better.

Had. Cardinal, wert thou Cardinal King of the Internals, wert thou Prince of *Grim-tarter-tarmagant* and *Erebus*, I wo'd not shed one drop of the worst Dogs blood my Duke of *Gloster* keeps, for thy miter, thy million, thy metropolis, shall I betray his life that sav'd me from the death of a Dog? no. Yet for my honest friend *Francis Canbees* sake, I am content to stand by, and give aym at this time.

Enter Gloster and Ellenor.

See where he comes two of ye are enough to deal with one, I'll not meddle with him.

Card. Let's set upon him all, and kill the slave.

Gloft. Hast thou betray'd me Coward? *Bewford* know
Though I am over-matcht I am not kill'd.

*Enter old Playnsey, young Playnsey, Captain West
and Officers.*

Old Playn. Keep the Kings peace for shame my Lords.

Card. Come *Canbee* follow me, *Playnsey* be sure
I'll sit upon your skirts for parting us.

Gloft. *Bewford* Thou maist befriend him with thy power,
Had not he been, thou hadst not breath'd this aire.

Card. *Gloster* thou wrongst me, with-hold't *St. Johnses*,
Look too'r, for fear when I get enterie

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

I pull not down the Castle ore thine ears:

Gloft. Cardinal to spite thee I'll keep *Ellenor*,
And wed her in *St. Johnses* make her my Dutches.

Card. Thou wilt abuse her with lascivious lust,
As once thou didst the Earl of *Flanders* wife,
And make her wretched, hoping in thy love.

Gloft. Oh! your holiness would have her turn a Nun,
Your cloyster-lemmon, but she minds thee not;
Fellow what ere thou art that tak'st my part
There's 20 Crowns, go prove an honest man

Card. There's 40 for thee, *Canbee*, kill that slave
A, ever thou intend'st my Love to have.

Can. I will take my time my Lord.

Had. *Canbee* come not near me, thou knowest my antient order
They die that dare me: but if thou dare meet me, heark in thine ear,
disturb not these honourable personages.

Can. Be brief, appoint the place of meeting, *subito*, *subito*.

Had. At our old Hostises mad rogue to make merry, lay a fresh
plot to meet the *Norfolk* gull, and be blithe.

Can. Agreed, and I meet thee not, baffle my good name, & chronicle
Canbee for a Coward, my Lord I will have a limbe of that Rogue.

Can. I shall be mindfull of thee *Canbee*: if thou kill him
Base slave, had not he been *Gloster* had dyed?

Gloft. I am sorry Gentlemen for *Momfords* fall,
And for our Brother the Lord Regents anger,
Let him pull down the pride of *Winchester*,
And *Gloster* easily will be appeas'd.

Card. *Humphry* nor *Bedford*, nor thy self hath power
To make Lord *Bewford* stoop; dost thou forget,
I am a Prince, and a Plantaginer?

Gloft. Bastards were never Princes in their State.

Card. I am a Prince elected by the Pope.

Gloft. I'll make ye gladly flye to your Elector.

Card. First will I see thy death witless Protector.

Old Playn. Keep the Kings peace my Lords,

Card. Look to't; I'll rowle you and your minions,
Out of *St. Johnses* ere a week be spent.

Can. Sir we'll rowle ye, we—

Ex. Card. and Canbee.

Gloft. VVould never greater care came near my heart;
Could I have had my will in my Loves sight,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

This evening had been *Bewfords* latest night.

But to the purpose, now Sir *Walter Playnfey*

Take no exceptions as you love our favour,

That Lady *Ellenor's* escap'd away,

Old Playn. Is she escap'd away my Lord?

Gloft. She is, nay storm not,

For if you do your anger is in vain,

I'll answer any Duty for her wardship.

So rest your self content; if ye rest quiet

And will confirm your ward to be my wife,

I'll send ye within six daies six thousand pound,

Being more than you can get by course of Law.

Old Playn. I but my Lord her sudden taking hence —

Gloft. Nay, nay, stand not on tearms, take this or chuse,

Send word ye love us, or our Loves refuse.

Come Captain *Westford* bring us to St. *Johussee*. *Ex. Gloft. & Cap.*

T. Playn. Here's a good world when ev'ry Duke is King; (*West.*

Thus I see power can master any thing.

Old Playn. I son, else durst not you and old Sir *Robert*

Being but new come from the dejected Father,

Offer such open wrong to *Momfords* Daughter.

T. Playn. Father I'll answer that upon the way

Please ye to walk but to Sir *Robert Westfords*.

Enter Momford like a Souldier.

Momf. Save ye Gentlemen, pray can ye tell me

Whether Sir *Robert Westford* ly in London,

Or at his Summer-house?

Old Playn. He lyes at *Stepny* fellow.

Follow us we'll bring thee thither presently.

Ex. Playnfey.

Momf. That's *Playnfey* and his son, I'll follow hem,

And try my Brother *Westford* ere I need,

Already have I took a little Cottage

On *Bednall-Green*, pretending my self blind,

Thither perhaps my gentle Child will come,

For she's full of charitable alms.

But how soere now I shall surely see her

Bringing my own seal as a Messenger,

I'll follow after kind Sir *Walter Playnfey*,

And his Heroick son my Daughters Joy.

Ex. Momf.

Enter

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

ACT II.

*Enter Sir Robert, Kate his Daughter, Bess Momford,
and Swash.*

Kate. **F**Ather you wrong me, and my Cosen *Momford*,
I marry *Playnsey*, troth plight unto her;
Oh it's an impious match! I'll rather have
Than such a marriage-bed, a dismal grave.

Sir Rob. Use no more words, no tittle tattle talk,
The Priest is sent for, *Playnsey* is a coming,
He shall have you, and you shall have his Land.

Kate. But for my Cosen *Bess*—

Sir Rob. Your Cosen-Beggar, Child unto a Traytor;
Go to no more, come heark a word with me.

Enter Old Strowd, and Swash.

Old Str. Ha this is excellent, stript of his cloaths;
His shirt stoln from his back, why this exceeds,
This is a toy to mock an Ape withall.

Swash. Nay barlady Sir this toy has mock'd as well-favour'd a
Youth, as your own Son.

Old Str. Hold ye, there's ten pound, go fetch him new cloaths.

Swash. Nay Sir he wants no cloaths, for he hath a Cloak laid on
with gold lace, and an imbroidred Ierkin, and thus he is marching
hither like the fore-man of a Morris.

Old Stro. Not for 20*l.* gold lace embroiderd,
I'll see how he is suited by and by.

Swash. I'll tell him so, but pray Mr. let me be at the wedding feast.

Old Stro. And there you'll be hoyting and kissing the Wen-
ches you.

Swash. Not I indeed Master, I never use to kiss any, nor I.

Old Stro. You know what complaints was made of you the last
wedding you were at.

Swash. I thank ye Master ye made me stand in a white sheet for ye.

Old Stro. How for me Knave? go to, thou lye'st, thou shalt not be
there for that lye.

Swash. Pray let me go, there will be all the Youth of our Parishes
there, good Master?

Old Stro. Well Sir, go your way, but let me hear no ill of ye you
were best.

Swash. I warrant ye Master, thank ye Sir, hey for our Town.
Green.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Green now ifaith !

Old Stro. Go, get you gone, I fear we shall fall out ;
I wonder what *Sir Robert* does intend ?

Exit.

Sir Rob. Look to't, pine, pule, weep, sob, it shall be so,
Thou shalt be *Playnseys* wife who ere sayes no:

Old Stro. *Sir Robert* since your *Cosen* is refus'd
By *Mr. Gilbert Playnsey*, if she please, and you agree
Your *Cosen Elizabeth* shall have *Tom Strowd* ;
You know he is my Heir, no Clown, no Swad,
But held in *Norfolk* for a Lusty Lad.

Sir Rob. Let her take whom she will, ali's one to me.

Old Stro. How say you Lady ?

Bess. For *Playnsey's* sake
The name of mariage I have sworn to hate.

Enter old Playnsey and his Son, Momford follows them.

Sir Rob. Good morrow good *Sir Walter* and Son *Playnsey*,
I trust *Sir Walter* gill hath let you know
My purpose, for this mariage with my Daughter ?

Old Playn. He tells me he is so resolv'd *Sir Robert*,
And in his own power now consists his choyce,
But be assur'd, the searching eye o' f Heaven
Sees every thought of man, take heed you two
Answer not for each ill deed, and wrong ye do.

Sir Rob. Tut tut *Sir Walter*, God and we for that;
Speak *Mr. Playnsey*, let *Bess Momford* hear
How you resolve unto my Daughter *Katherine*.

T. Playn. I come to marry her.

Kate. I think upon your Vow,
See this sad Lady, when you went to *France*,
You swore at your return to marry her.

T. Playn. Fair be content, my mind therein is chang'd,
Her Father is disgraced and exil'd
And therefore *Playnsey's* Son doth scorn his Child.

Bess. Do scorn me, leave me, every way abuse me,
Death will receive me, though you all refuse me.

Sir Rob. Nay good *Sir Walter* be not discontent,
Son *Playnsey*, Daughter *Katherine*, let's confer.

Old Stro. How say you Madam, will *Sir Robert Westford*
Defeat me of the Land I have at morgage,
Take away all your Jewels, and your plate?

Bess.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Befs. He sayes he will.

Old Sro. Well let him and he dare.

And if he wrong you Lady come to me.

Momf. Wondrous amazement! what doth *Momford* see?
Where he most trusted, most impiety.

Sir Rob. The Chaplain stayes in Heavens name let us in,
They shall be married in *Befs* *Momfords* sight.

Kate Father your malice to my Cosen *Momford*,
This deed of *Playnsfey* whom you call my Husband,
Whom I shall never love, never abide,
Makes me to Death and Shame become a Bride:
But Shame will quickly from my red cheeks flye,
And Death will paint them with his ashy dye.

Sir Rob. Come, come, leave pratling, *Playnsfey* comfort *Kate*.

T. Playn. Fair Love be frolick talk no more of death and care
We'll sport, for I am young, and thou art fair.
Farewell forsaken Turtle, take thy flight
To some more abject mate whilst *Kate* and I, joys adore.

Kate. High Heaven forgive me, Father have remorse,
Let me not thus be hal'd to death perforce. *Ex. both.*

Old Playn. *Sir Robert Westford* I mislike this match.

Old Sro. 'Tis more than Injury, but Lady grieve not you.

Be. s. No Sir I am patient.

Sir Rob. I pray you go in *Sir Walter*.

Old Playn. Yes I'll go in,

But Heaven can tell, I hate this forc'd sin. *Ex. old Playn.*

Sir Rob. What will you do Mr. *Strawd*?

Old Sro. I scarcely know

Your moods, and these affairs do fall out so.

Sir Rob. Well at your pleasure, go Huswife get you in.

Befs. I will do what you will, yet ere I go
Somewhat on this old man I will bestow,
Thou seem'st a maymed Souldier, wo is me!
I have a little Gold, good Father take it,
And here's a Diamond do not forsake it;
My Father was a Souldier maym'd like thee,
Thou in thy limbs, he by vil'd infamy.

Old Sro. Bith ma's I like her, shee's a *Momford* right
Of noble blood, and the true *Norfolk* breed;
Hold the good fellow there's one 40 pence

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

From a poor Yeomans purse, old *Strowd* of *Harling*.

Momf. I thank you Sir, I have more than I deserve.

Sir Rob. I Sir, 'and more than you shall bear from hence.
Come Minx, what Jewell did you give this Rogue.

Momf. I am a Souldier Sir, the name of Rogue
Ill fits a man of your respect to give
To a poor Gentleman, though in distress.

Sir Rob. A Gentleman I and why a Gentleman
Because a Souldier? Come you desper-view.
Deliver me the Jewell or I'll hang thee,
To morrow is the Sessions, I'll make short,
And shave your Gentry shorter by the neck,
A Gentleman I come, come, give me the Jewell,
What makes your Gentry sneaking at my Gate?

Momf. I came from *Momford* banish'd in *Britany*,
He prays ye by this token you would send
A thousand Marks to help him in his need.

Sir Rob. Where do you lye Sir?

Momf. I lay last night with a Blind-Beggar
That hath a little House on *Bednall-Green*.

Sir Rob. He came but yesterday, I heard of him
Beggars keep lodging, well I'll hamper him.

I know this token, and will keep the same:
But have no 1000 Marks to maintain Rebels.

Momf. Base upstart Knight deliver *Momfords* Scal,
Or, by the honour of a Souldiers name
I'll slice thy heart out.

Draw.

Sir Rob. Help me Mr. *Strowd*.

Old Stro. What help ye to do wrong?
Nay by the rood, though *Momford* was exil'd,
'Twas told me he should have his Lands and Goods.

Sir Rob. There, take them, but do you hear me Sirrah
Take heed I catch you not at the Blind-Beggars.

Momf. If I should lye there, though you be a Justice,
I trust to find Friends in my just defence.

Old Stro. Hold thee good fellow, there's the t'other noble,
Bith mas I like thee, th'art a tough old Lad

Momf. I thank you Sir, Lady I'll take my leave.

Bess. Commend me to my Father good old man.

Momf. I will, and tell him of *Sir Roberts* wrong.

Sir

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Sir Rob. Do fellow, say, I scorn his treachery,
And hope his end will be in misery.

Momf. I'll tell him what you say.

Exit Momf.

Bess. Father farewell.

Sir Rob. Nay 'twere best ye pack,
Beggar with Beggar, for ye shall away:
Ha Huswife I are you giving Diamonds,
Do you forget your Jewels are all mine,
Did not old *Westford* pay for this attire?
But off with it, go in, or either drudge
Amongst my Servants to maintain your State;
Or pack, stay not an hour.

Bess. Yon shall not need

To bid me pack, for I'll begon indeed.

Exit Bess.

Sir Rob. To steal and hang, or starve and beg, choose which

Old Stro. *Sir Robert* by the — you do her wrong.

Sir Rob. What's that to you look to your own affairs,
Strowd, Strowd, you think to have the Land at *Farnham*,
I and shall, and shall——

Old Stro. And will, do you your worst.

Sir Rob. Y'are too sawcy *Strowd*.

Old Stro. Too sawcy moody Knight,
Thou durst not thus in scorn to old *Strowd* prate,
But cock on thine own hill, thus near thy Gate.

Sir Rob. I'll meet thee where thou dar'st, and when thou dar'st.

Old Stro. I'll say th'art a tall man and thou dost.

Sir Rob. Appoint the place.

Old Stro. There is a new mown field
Lying by Eastward of a little shed
That stands on *Bednall-Green*.

Sir Rob. I know it, that's the shed the Souldier lay in,
The Close is compar'd with a quick-set, is't not?

Old Stro. The same.

Sir Rob. I like it, what's the hour?

Old Stro. Twixt one and two.

Sir Rob. Hold the *Strowd*, there's my hand
I'll meet thee, and I'll make thee know me too.

Old Stro. No more, I'll meet thee, else call me Jew.

Exeunt.

Enter Tom Strowd and Swash his man, Gallant

T. Stro. London lick penny can ye it, — t'as lick'd me with a
witness,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

witness, I was set ore for a reckoning of 40 shillings, and as fair a Sattin suite t'other night, as a man shall lightly see in a Summers day; but if ere it be my fortune to meet with that ill fac'd Gypsie that stole it, I'll teach him his teripoop for stealing, whilst he hath a day to live again, so woll I: Nay nothing griev'd me *Swash*, but that the slave perswaded me to lye naked for fear of the Fleas; which when I had done he stole me away as fair a shirt of my Mothers own spinning, as a man shall need to pull o're his ears; and Sirrah in the morning when mine Hostis came up to call me, I was as naked as your *Norfolk-Dumplin*, as I am a christen man I blush'd out of all—

Swash. Nay Master I told you at first you should find a sower fellow of that Gypsie, I lik'd him nor he had such a crabtree-fac'd countenance of his own: but come my old Master sent me for you, you must along to the wedding to—

T. Stro. Why so I say now, —it would make a Horse break his Bridle to see the humours of these fellows, I know no more how to please him than I know how to build up *Pauls*-steeple, so do not I, but come *Swash* follow me, I'll to him, the—

Enter Canby, Hadland and Snip.

Can. Tush man 'tis he, I know him as well as the Beggar knows his dish, 'tis he that I fetch'd over for the sattin suite, and left him in pawn for rhe reckoning, he has a fair Cloak on's back, and we could get that we were made men.

Had. Be rul'd by me 'tis our own, do thou take the wall of him, if he take exceptions I'll draw; if he draws his Cloak falls down.

Snip. And all fallings are mine Sir, let me alone, I know my cue *Strowd*, thou hadst as good have met the Hangman, for thy upper Garment's mine.

Canby takes the Wall, and jussels Strowd.

T. Stro. —What is the matter with you? so feather-ey'd ye cannot let us passe in the Kings high way?

Can. You must learn to know your Duty, and give your betters the wall.

T. Stro. My Betters the wall, on what acquaintance? ye shall be set up and ye say the word, I'll wash mine hands and wait on you.

Had. What do you prate, nay then have at you Sir,

T. Stro. —And have at you too then e'faith,

They fight.

Can. Hold, as you are a Gentleman hold,

T. Stro.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Y. Stro. Hold me no holds, I'll have another bout with ye, or I'll make your sconce and the post ring noon together, and firrah Gypsie you shall fare the worie for one of your Coats sake, that rob'd me of a fatten suite tother night, —and well remembered where's my Cloak *Swash*?

Swash. Your Cloaks a good Cloak, take the wall of my Master ye slave you.

Y. Stro. I think the fellow be mad, —where's my Cloak man.

Swash. Your Cloak's a good Cloak and a fair Cloak, quarrel with my Mr. ye scabs you.

Y. Stro. I think the fellow's frompall, I ask thee where my Cloak is.

Can. Let not a man pass unsearch'd, the Gentleman shall not lose the worth of a mite in my company.

I ad. I hope Sir you will not suspect my Boy nor me?

Y. Stro. Suspect me no suspects, I am sure my Cloak cannot go without hands, and I'll have it again, or I'll bang it out of the cox-combs of some of them.

Can. — Sir you mishape lyes as near my heart as it had been mine own, and cause I see you a resolute tall Gentleman, and in respect that I was the occasion of this falling out, my Cloak (simply though it be) cost me 40 French Crowns, take it, it is at your service.

Y. Stro. Forty French Crowns, forty French Pins, what dost thou tell me of thy Cloak? I scorn to wear ere a mans Cloak under the Element but mine own: but I'll tell thee what, and it were not for thy sake, whom I think an honest kind fellow and so forth, I'de hang this Bacon-san'd slave orethwart his shanks, he should remember stealing a Cloak to Dooms day, so should he.

Had. Why Sir I hope you know no harm by me were it in place, where I'de say, he lyed in his Throat that but touch'd the very hem of my reputation with reproach.

Y. Stro. Wolt say I lye? thou hadst as good eat a load of logs wert thou, I say no harm by thee, and yet I say I have seen an honest face than thine hang'd, what sayest thou to it now? and thou best agrieved mend thy self how thou canst, or how thou darest, dost't see now. Naye *Swash* yonders my father, say nothing of my Cloak *Swash*.

Enter old Strowd.

Old Stro. Well, if I live I'll meet Sir Robert Westford,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

But first I'll see if I can find my Son,
And here he is, is't possible my Lands
Should maintain this Attire, you Podgal
Where have you got this trash, unto whose Books
Are you indebted for it, pardon me Gentlemen
For being so sawey in your company;
'Tis not for a poor Country Yeomans son
To flant it out thus.

*A Jerkin or Jacket
for Strrowd.*

Can. Sir you may say your pleasure, is your Son, but thus much
I'll assure you, though if he be your Son the chiefest Gallants in the
Land are enamour'd with his good parts and valour.

Old Strrow. Nay Gentlemen thus much I'll say for him,

Hee's a right *Norfolk*-man mettle, all steel;

But I'll not have him use his bravery.

The time has been when as a *Norfolk* yeoman

That might dispend 500 marks a year

Would, wear such cloath as this sheeps rufflets gray,

And for my Son shall be no President

To break those orders, come off with this trash

Your bought Gentility, that sits on thee

Like Peacock's feathers cock't upon a Raven;

Let true born Gentlemen were Gentries robes,

And Yeoman Country seeming Liveries.

T. Stro. — You'd have the Calf with the white face I think, I an
sure yonders old *Simsons* son of *Showdam Thorp*, that wears his great
gill gaskins o'the Swash-fashion, with 8 or 10 gold laces of a side,
and yet, without boast be it spoken, you are more in the King
Books than he. and pay more scot and lot a fair deal, so ye do.

Old Stro. He is a desperate Cast-away like thee,

And wrongs his fathers credit and his own;

The Sons discent's no better than her fathers.

Why should their cloaths be richer? I am as proud;

And think my self as gallant in this gray,

Having my Table furnish't with good Beef.

Norfolk temes bread, and Conuntry home-bred drink,

As he that goeth in ratling Taffity.

Let Gentlemen go gallant what care I,

I was a Yeoman born, and so I'll dye;

Then if thou beest my Son be of my mind,

Wast lesse in rags and spend more in thine House,

The Blind-Begger of Bednall-Green.

Or if thou hast no House to spend it in

Swash. Go to a Bawdy-house Mr.

Old Stro. How Knave to a Bawdy-house, no firrah no give it maim'd Souldiers, and poor helpless Widows.

Off with this trash, on with this seemly weed,

Be not *Strowds* shadow but be *Strowd* indeed.

Y. Stro. Come hither *Swash* there is no remedy, I must give the old man good words and speak him fair, for and if he should die to morrow next (as God forbid but he should) he might defeat me of all his Land.

Swash. You say true Master, come on with this Jerkin, so now young Master you look like your self, and like my Masters son.

Old Stro. Son what are these that keep you company?

Y. Stro. A couple of honest proper Gentlemen they seem to be, but alls one to you, I must keep company with none but a sort of Momes and Hoydons that know not chalk from cheese, and can talk of nothing but how they sell a score of Cow-hides at *Lynmarie*, and what price Pease and Barley bears at *Thetford* market.

Old Stro. Then still consort thee with these Gentlemen, I like the carriage of them passing well.

Y. Stro. I a murren on em they they have carried away my Cloak amongst 'em.

Old Stro. But let that pass.

Swash. I Sir 'is past and gon too.

Old Stro. And come along with me to *Mile end* to my Lodging.

I must talk a couple of cold words with Sir *Robert Westford*.

Go *Swash* afore, and saddle my bay Nag,

Perhaps I'll ride a mile or two to night:

Kind Gentlemen, I am somewhat troublesom

To press thus rudely into your company;

Come Gentlemen, I'll gratulate your Loves

And your kind favours used unto my Son.

Ex. Strowds.

Can. And we live wee'l make him spend your living, come *Jack* lets go, where's *Snip*.

Had. Oh Sir at my sweet Bos the Broakers, neer fear it there's a sure Dandeno, she cuts it out in Hose and Jerkins, she is an honest dealer, your privy taker, and your sure concealer.

Can. Let's to't and turn again to meet this Gull,
Wee'll fleece him and his Bags wee they ne re so full,

Exeunt.

Enter

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Enter Bess Momford.

Bess. Oh hapless, hapless, miserable wretch !
To loose my wealth and all my fathers Lands
Did never move me; but to see my Uncle
Cheat me of all my Jewels, and in spight
Even to my face marry my troth-plight Husband
To his own Daughter, and to see young *Playnsley*
Embrace another in my promis'd bed,
And I thrust out upon the wedding day;
Oh this is it that drives me full of woe
Into this sad and solitary Green !
Here to do violence unto my self.

Momf. My Daughter in dispair, then play thy part,
Prevent her ills that did procure her smart,
Alas where am I ? how shall I return
Unto my homely Cabbin ? where's my boy ?
I prethee do not leave me gentle wag,
Take pity of my miserable state.

Bess. Who talks of pity ? now alas good man,
What are you blind ?

Momf. Yes blind, and like to die,
Not for my own, but for thy misery.

Bess. Father be comforted, I am but poor,
Yet time has been —

Momf. Oh do not sigh Girl,
Grief hath so tyranniz'd upon my heart
That if you mourne my tears will bear a part.

Bess. You are the man I look for.

Momf. I am indeed,
And yet thou know'st me not, alas the while
That blind deceit, should cleare ey'd love beguile,
Whence spring thy sorrows from some private wrong.

Bess. Am I asleep, or do I know his tongue,
Art thou blind sayest thou, let me see thy face,
Oh let me kiss it too, and with my tears
Wash off these blemishes which cruel time
Have furrow'd in thy cheeks ! Oh could thou see,
I'd show thine eyes whom thou dost represent.
I call'd thee father, I then shalt be my father,
Nor scorn my proffer, were my father here,

sigh.

[*Hee'd*

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Hee'd tell thee that his Daughter held him dear;
But in his absence Father, thou art he,
Shed but one tear for him, and I for thee
will weep, till from the moyster of mine eyes
A little font of christall tears, shall rise
To bath thine eye-lids in, yet do not weep;
Lay all thy griefs on me, for I am young,
And I have tears enough to weep much wrong.

Momf. Wilt thou remain with me, I dare not speak
For fear my tongue should my heart's counsel break.

Bess. I'll dwell, I'll tend thee, I'll do any thing
To do thee good, because within thy looks
I see the presence of my reverend Father.

Momf. Hast't lost thy Father then?

Bess. Father I have,
List to my words and I will tell thee how.

Momf. First lead me to my Cottage, there relate
From the beginning all thy down-cast state.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Robert Westford, and Captain Westford.

Sir Rob. I tell thee Captain Westford I have done
No more than I can answer, I and will.

Cap. West. Nay Cosen Westford mis-conceit me not,
Or if thou do all's one, I say again,
You shew'd a cruell part, and wo'd the Maid
Be rul'd by me your Betters should decide it.

Sir Rob. Decide a pins end, do you take her part,
Each one you saw did seek to get their own,
Why should not I then? shall I undergo
Publick displeasure for a pawky Girl;
Shee comes not in myne ears.

Cap. West. The more unkind
And cruel you, but wherefore should you marry
Young Playnsy to your Child, considering
He was the troth-plight Husband to your Kinswoman,
The much wrong'd Daughter of the down-trod Momford.

Sir Rob. Alas for her, does she complain to you,
Why and she want a Husband you are a Batcheler,
You may do well to take her.

Cap. West. You had done better,
Had not your avarice broke the contract,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

'Twixt her and Playnsfey.

Sir Rob. Well Sir, I will answer what I have done,

Cap. West. Not one word more Sir.

Enter old Strowd, young Strowd, and Swash.

Old Stro. I marry Sir, why this is somewhat like,
Now art thou like thy self, but stand aside,
Whose that, *Sir Robert* ? hee's as good's his word,
The Captain with him, ah he promis't me
To meet me single.

Sir Rob. Pacifie your self;
What I have done I'll stand to, pray forbear,
I'll talk a word or two with Master *Strowd*,
What's here his son, how and his man too ? ha
That's more than promise.

Old Stro. Now *Sir Robert Westford* you are an early riser,

Sir Rob. My last nights promise waken'd me afore my hour,
Send hence your Son.

Old Stro. 'Tis good, I like you well, send hence your Kinsman,
Yet 'tis no matter, I have a devise
Shall rid them all, God save you Captain *Westford*,
Thanks for your friendly company last night.

Cap. West. I take your greetings kindly Mr. *Strowd*,
And with the tongue of love return it back.

With double intrest, pray, is not this your Son.

Old Stro. I cannot tell, his Mother tells me so.

Cap. West. I shall desire your more acquaintance Sir.

T. Stro. I thank you Sir, I am easier to be acquainted with all,
than to borrow money on, I thank my father, but and it please you
to drink a Cup of beer or ale, and you'll but walk 'ore the Green
to the red lattice yonder, I'll bestow it on you.

Cap. West. Thanks Mr. *Strowd*, pray walk to my Chamber,
I am desirous to impart my love
Unto your kind acceptance.

Old Stro. Sir I thank you for him,
Please you to walk to *Mile end* with my Son
And this good fellow, I'll but talk a word
In secret here with *Sir Robert Westford*,
About Lord *Mamsford's* Lands, and follow ye.

Cap. West. At your good pleasure wilt please you walk Mr.
Strowd ?

T. Stro.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Y. Stro. Pray lead the way, I'll follow you come hither *Swash* and it had pleas'd my Father, I might a had as gallant apparell as he, or another man, but all's one, a dog has his day, and I shall have mine too, one day when the old man's dead; — I'll make all flye then e'faith.

Exeunt.

Old Stro. So they are gone, and now Sir Robert *Westford*. Think of your last night's quarrel.

Sir Rob. Tut, tut, nee'r prate,

Old Stro. Thus I revenge my wrong, Thus I defend The truth, and reputation of my cause.

Sir Rob. O I am slain.

They fight, and Sir Rob. falls.

Old Stro. Then Heaven receive thy Soul, And pardon me, thy Conscience can tell I never wish't unto thy Soul but well.

Ex. Strowd.

Enter Momford.

Momf. What piteous groan calls *Momford* from his Cell, Whose this my Brother *Westford*? what and slain! Heaven thou art just; he that last day for Gold Did sell my Daughter, is himself now sold Into the hands of death. *Momford* dissemble, Daughter come forth, and look about this Close, I heard one groan.

Enter Be's.

Be's. And here's a bloody Coarse.

Momf. Look if thou knowst it.

Be's. Oh 'tis my Uncle *Westford*, He that last day with his commanding breath Chid me out of his doors, now breathless lies Intreating me, to give his mingled body A homely entertainment in our Cell. Heaven thou art just, and dreadfull is thy judgement.

Momf. Glory not in his Fall, but rather grieve That in his end thou canst him not relieve: Let's bear him in, and if we can by Art Upon thy Foe, we'll work a friendly part: For have he but the smallest sign of breath, We'll recall life, and rescue him from Death. But howsoe're the Body staves with me, Till Justice points him out that murder'd thee.

Exeunt with the body.

Enter old Strowd, young Strowd, and Swash.
Old Stro. Saddle my horse, there *Swash* run

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Where's my Son? *T. Stro.* At hand quoth Pick-purse, — what's the matter with you trow?

Old Stro. Good Son leave prating, *Swash* where's my horse? I am undone; go post to *Chenford*, run to *Mr. Glascock*, Give him my Seal-ring, desire him send me (Where's my horse I say,) the 100 pound he owes me, where's *Capt. Westford*, take heed he hear me not, Lord how my heart pants in my bosom! I have slain a man.

Swash. Slain a man! oh oh oh oh.

T. Stro. Peace *Swash* do not cry so.

Swash. No, I do not cry, I do but rore.

Old Stro. I had not the power to keep it longer, Nor to take my horse till I confess it.

Enter Captain Westford, and Officers.

Capt. West. Lay hold on him, and *Mr. Strow* once more, Confess thy guilt.

Old Stro. Why Sir? I not deny Sir *Robert Westford* doing me much wrong, Is by me slain.

Cap. West. And you for this offence, Shall be conducted safely unto Prison, Till matters may be better thought upon, Mean time your own confession is my warrant.

T. Stro. My Father kill a man, — here's a jest to mock an Ape withall, what shall become of me now: *Swash* hie thee to *Chenford* for the 100 pound, and soon towards *Evening* I'll meet thee at *Ilford* for fear of base Knaves; — I know not whom a man may trust when ones own Father does deceive 'em this.

Old Stro. Well Gentlemen I do obey the Law, And yield my body Prisoner to the King, Soon work what means ye can for my reprieve Till we may sue for pardon. So adieu my Son, Heaven give thee grace such desperate bralls to shun.

T. Stro. Get a reprieve! call you it, — I know no more how to go about it, than I know how to build *Pauls* steeple so I do not: but I'll go seek out a Gentleman, one *French Cusby* that serv'd the *Cardinall*, and try what he can do in it; it's an old saying in our Country, it's better to have a friend at Court than a penny in the purse, it shall go hard but I'll save my father from hanging this certain.

Exit.

ACT.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

ACT III.

Enter Momford, with Sir Rob. and Bess.

Sir Rob. **G**ood Father! gentle Maiden set me down,
My wound I fear will freshly bleed again,

I prethee let thy Daughter make a bed,
I fear my Death-bed, good now send her in.

Momf. Daughter I pray go in and make the bed,
If we need help I'll call you, pray you begone.

Bess. It doth torment him to behold my sight,
Well Heaven forgive him and restore his health,
He did me more than wrong, and if I see
He be at point of death, I'll let him know,
That I am Momford's Child he wronged so.

Exit Bess.

Sir Rob. Father lend me thy hand now in Heaven's eye
Swear to be secret till thou see me dead,
Or of this wound by the recovered;
Know first I am a Knight, my Name is Westford;
My Wife was Sister to the Baron Momford,
That Momford left his Daughter to my trust, *Ready for a Hang-*
Which Daughter I have this day turned forth, *man's will,*
To seek her living, and from her have kept
Above ten thousand Marks, besides the Lands
Morgag'd unto one Strowd a Norfolk Yeoman,
That Strowd on my abuse done to the Lady
Challeng'd the field, we fought, and here I fell,
He scap't I hope, Heaven grant he may do well.

Momf. 'Tis well Sir that you are so penitent.

Sir Rob. Oh Father I had need to rend my heart
In sunder, with true sorrows hourly sighes,
For I have done a deed more impious
Than ever entred into the heart of man,
If ever thou didst hear of Momford's name;
His honor, bounty, and magnificence,
If ever thou didst hear his late defame,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

His accusation, exile, indigence,
Then know that I am he, *Momford* lov'd well,
Yet I am he by whom old *Momford* fell.

Momf. Alas Sir! how?

Sir Rob. I coveted his Land,
And practis'd with *Sir Walter Playnsey's* Son,
An irreligious careless Gentleman;
Yet one that will make show, swear and protest,
His course of life is equal with the best.
O there are many such old man there be,
Too many in this Land-like him and me;
We laid this plot, he should go into *France*,
He did, and serv'd on horse at *Amiens*,
Where he was wilfully ta'n Prisoner,
And by his Keepers Daughter understood,
The *French* should by a trecherous plot win *Guyenes*,
Wherein Lord *Momford* held a Garrison.

Momf. Who were consenting with the *French* in this?

Sir Rob. A *Wallow* Captain called *Hante Bewmart*.

Momf. Did *Momford* know of it?

Sir Rob. No (old man) never-

But *Playnsey* counterfeited certain Letters,
Subscribing them with Lord *Killiers* his name;
In gratulation for betraying *Guyenes*,
These Letters were delivered to a Post,
The Post surpriz'd, examin'd where he had them,
He answered from *Villiers* his Secretary:
For in his habit *Playnsey* was disguis'd.

Momf. Oh Heaven!

Sir Rob. Good father wherefore dost thou sigh?

Momf. For grief mens hearts should harbour such deceits.

Sir Rob. I faint good father, if thou can relieve me,

Call for thy Daughter, stretch me on a bed:

Bear witness I repent now, help and ease me,

And till I dye conceal my treachery.

Momf. Be sure I will, and yet I hope you'll live,

And reconcile the banish'd Lord your self,

For 'twas an unjust fact, indeed it was.

Come Daughter help to lead in this Gentleman,

Wee'll show him all the favour that we can,

Enter Best.

Best.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Bass. Father, he sownes.

Momf. Come quickly help him in,
I hope he will recover, but if nor,
Heaven grant his sins may wholly be forgot.

Enter Canbee disguised.

Can. This damb'd perpetual Rogue *Swash*, has kept me here in little ease of the bare ground, hungry, cold, and comfortless, ever since two hours afore day. I am hungry for the hundred pound he brings, cold at my heart for fear he come without it; and comfortless least if he have it, he comes with company, but *lapis in fabula* here he comes, what and alone I excellent the 100 l. myne own then.

Enter Swash.

Swash. I discover none, the danger is past, I think I may with safety put up an honest weapon, thou terror to all Theeves, sleep there; my young Master promised to meet me; he staves somewhat long, but he knows *Swash* is able to stand under the strokes of a dozen false slaves, oh that I could meet with a Thief now to try my valour.

Can. Stand firrah and deliver.

Swash. Oh Lord, Theeves, theeves, oh, oh.

Can. Peace Villain, or I'll cut out thy Tongue, and make a ras-her of the coals on't, deliver the mony.

Swash. Yes good Mr. Theef with all my heart, there 'tis I am glad I had it for you.

Can. So am I too Sir, come hold up I must now bind you hand and foot for running after me.

Swash. I pray you do bind me hard, do good Mr. Theef, harder yet Sir.

Can. So now farewell, your mony goes with me Sir.

Swash. Farewell kind Mr. Theef. O pox choke him for a slave, Theeves, theeves, theeves, help, help, help.

Enter Hadland and Snip with Scrowd's sword.

Had. Sirrah *Snip* be sure you run away with *Scrowd's* sword.

Snip. I warrant you Sir let me alone for running.

Swash. Theeves, theeves, help, help.

Snip. How theeves I'll go and run the town Sir theeves, theeves.

Ex. Snip. *Enter Tom Scrowd*

T. Scro. How Theeves, where's *Snip* run with my sword? who's that cries Theeves *Swash*, how now man come stand to it.

Swash. Yes Sir, I am bound to it.

T. Scro. Why

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Y. Stro. Why what's the matter *Swash*, how cam'st thou thus?

Swash. I am rob'd Master.

Y. Stro. How rob'd? I hope not so man

Swash. Yes faith there was six Theeves set upon me, I very manfully kill'd seven of the six, and the rest carried away the money, but I shall have it again that's the best on't.

Y. Stro. How dost thou know thou shalt ha't again *Swash*?

Swash. Why he has left me his bond here to bring it again.

Y. Stro. There's a bond with a *Halters* name, — *Swash* is all the money gone?

Swash. Every peny Master.

Y. Stro. What ill fortune is that *Swash*? what shall we do now trow?

Enter Snip and Canby.

Snip. Theeves, theeves, come good Mr. *Canby* make hast, this way, this way.

Can. Theeves, where Boy? I am almost out of breath with running, what Mr. *Strowd* and *Swash* now comes this?

Y. Stro. Why *Swash* is rob'd man!

Can. How rob'd?

Y. Stro. Yes faith, but I may thank *Snip* there that run away with my sword.

Snip. Alas Sir I was so amazed I knew not what I did, Nor whither I ran, till I met Mr. *Canby* here!

Can. Rob'd, I wo'd I had been with thee *Swash*.

Swash. I honest Mr. *Canby*, and you had been with me I had scaped well enough then.

Can. Well Mr. *Strowd*, as I was passing through *Allgate* this morning I saw the Shreeves and Constables set towards to *Newgate* to fetch your father, the Carpenter in a Cart carried the *Jebbet* to *Bednall-Green*, only love to meet you made me neglect the principal business, here's the *Protectors* Reprieve, I have done the part of a Gentleman, here's *Haumphrey Glosier* good Noble man, he loved your Father well, let not your delay diminish, I was two hours by the clock in my bare Knees to the *Protector*, pray'd the equity of the quarrel, and would any body a been found, the *Pardon* had been sealed upon his haste away with the Reprieve, take horse at *Langcote*, and make speed, or your Father will be hang'd,

Y. Stro.

Y. Stro.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

T. Stro. How take horse quoth ye, yes, the Cat would lick her ears and she had 'em, why, I was rob'd too last night my self at *Lang-ton*.

Can. Were you rob'd Mr. *Strowd*?

T. Stro. Yes faith, they make a matter of nothing to rob *Swash* and I now adayer, I have not a horse to cast at a dog man not I.

Can. Apox of all ill fortunes, hold Sir, there's five shillings left take it, and go take my horse at the Bell at *Straisford*, and make hast for fear you come too late.

T. Stro. Troth Mr. *Canbee*, and ye gave me all that ere ye had, I can but thank you, and your horse were a horse of gold, he shall be forth-coming again. Come *Swash* let us go. *Exit Tom Stro:*

Swash. Mr. *Canbee*, no more but so for this kindness, farewell Mr. *Hadland*, farewell *Snip*, pray let's see ye all at the Gallows, till when I bequeath this halter amongst ye, in token of my love, and so adue.

Snip. Farewell *Swash* and be hang'd.

Had. — *Canbee*, art thou mad to give him thy horse, and five shillings to save his father from hanging.

Can. No you Friday-fact-frying pan it was to save us all from whipping, or a worse shame; for let your Rogueship understand, that this reprieve is counterfeit and made by me, your ordinary passport maker, that should have lost an ear at *Salisbury*, and another at *Northampton*; the truth is we must leave *London*, for if the Protector get us under his protection, we shall all go Westward for this warrant.

Had. — Let's turn Gypsies again then, and go about a fortune-telling, 'tis in good request again now.

Can. That's the smooth foot path up *Holborn*, no lack there's an odde fellow inuffels i' the nose, that shows a motion about *Bishopsgate*, we'll wheel about by *Ratcliff* and get to his lodging, see shews for a fortnight, till *Strowd*'s nine daies wonder of hanging be past, to let us use his motion, which done the boy shall turn girl, thou as I have done already, wash off that Gypsie-colour, and be door-keeper with the boy, - my self with a half vizzard will describe, and thus we'll live like young Emperors.

Had. *Canbee* I'll chronicle thee for this conceit, *Snip* thou shalt have good purchase of the Wenches in the throng.

Snip. And if I snip not off their Purses then call me crack. *Ex.*

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Enter Gloster, Sir Walter Playnfey and his Son, Captain Westford, Enter Old Strowd to the Gallows, with the Hangman, and Officers.

Glost. *Strowd* I am sorry for this heavy sight,
And by the dread command of my liege Lord,
I come to witness 'twixt the world and you
What state you dye in, how you will dispose
Your lands, your goods and debts now forfeited,
These he restores thee, yet whilst thou has life
To give unto your son, your friends, or wife.

Old Sra. I humbly thank his royal Majesty,
Wishing long happiness to him and you;
But with your favour my good Lord Protector
I still deny I am a Murderer,
I kill'd Sir *Robert Westford* in fair fight;
Our quarrel rising from open wrong,
He offer'd to his neece the Lady *Momford*.

Glost. All that was certified his Majesty,
But prethee hear me *Strowd*, Death's fleshless hand
Clapping the wretched palms of endless woe,
Hath made a circle, and thy soul's the Center,
From which by neither power, prayers, or tears,
If thou dye desperate she can be freed.

Old Sra. My Lord I do beseech ye pardon me,
The world believes that I have murder'd *Westford*,
Or since abus'd his body being dead,
And shaming at my savage guiltiness,
Have hurl'd it in some well not to be found;
Is this the matter that I should confess?

Glost. It is good *Strowd* in that make clear thy Soul,

Old Sra. He whose pure blood turns scarlet sins to snow,
Forgive me all my faults and *Westford's* death;
But if I ever wrong'd him being dead,
Or mov'd him from the place whereon he fell,
Not far off from this place where I must fall,
I ask Heavens anger on me, for his grace,
And I can say no more concerning that.

Glost. Enough what sayes thou about *Momford's* lands.

Old Sra. I say, seeing the King of his good grace
Hath given me all my lands, my debts, and goods,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

I give too marks, and all the deeds;
Unto the Lady *Elizabeth* his Daughter,
And Captain *Westford*, in whom I put all trust,
Be carefull that the Lady be not wrong'd.

Cap. West. I warrant you Mr. *Strowd*.

Gloft. How mean'st thou to dispose of all thine own?

Old Strow. I have a will drawn at my house in *Harling*,
And I confirm that for my Testament.

Gloft. Are you pleas'd that will shall be perform'd,

Old Strow. Heaven's will be done.

But I would fain have seen mine unkind Son.

Gloft. Tarry a little Executioner.

Enter Tom Strowd, and Swash.

T. Strow. Hold, hold, hold, let him alone you cross legg'd-bartie
choak, touch him and thou dare.

Swash. Hold Hangman and thou be'st a man, hold for the Kings
advantage.

Gloft. What are these trow?

T. Strow. Two Sir that come not without their cards I hope, Fa-
ther you have a simple fellow to your Son you see, come who's the
shreeve here haw.

Old Playn. I do supply his place.

T. Strow. Do ye so, then here's a *Mistimus* to repreeve my father
back again to the Gaol, or a repreeval what do you call it, it's my
Lord Cardinal's, and my Lord Protector's own hands, and seals; I as-
sure you Sir.

Gloft. Proud *Winchesters* and mine, that's strange, let's see it,

Swash. It is not so strange as true Sir, there it is.

Gloft. Is this your Son *Strowd*?

Old Strow. I my gracious Lord.

T. Strow. 'Tis the more shame for my Mother else.

Gloft. Where had you this repreeve?

T. Strow. Of an honest Gentleman Sir, one that can do any rea-
sonable matter with my Lord Protector.

Swash. Truly Sir he is one, as honest a Gentleman as Can-
bee.

Gloft. It may be so, for I know one *Franck Canbee*,
He serv'd sometimes *Bewford* the Cardinal,
The commonst cosening Knave in all this Land.

Swash. I, I that's he Sir, that's he.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Y. Stro. As God mend me 'tis the very same man, but all's one for that, he has plaid the kind Gentleman with me, and as God save me, and *Swash* had not been rob'd this morning of 100 pound, I had paid him well for his pains too Sir.

Gloft. *Strowd* turn your self to Heaven these hopes are vain,
And young *Strowd* as you hope to have our favour
After your Eather's death, I charge you seek
That *Canbee* forth that forg'd you this repreeve.

Y. Stro. How after my father's death, — I hope it is not come to that now? after all this charge.

Old Stro. Sirrah you, ever chuse you such sure Mates,
My Lord Protector pray be good to him.

Y. Stro. Nay pray you my Lord be good to my father, and turn him 'ore the Ladder.

Swash. — is this my Lord Erector?

Y. Stro. How's that my Lord Protector, and you be my Lord Protector, I pray do but set your hand to this Bill, and as God save me, and ere ye come into *Norfolk*, I'll do you twenty times as good a turn as the hanging of my father comes to, pray you my Lord.

Swash. Do my good Lord Erector, and *Swash* and his Buckler shall be at your service.

Old Stro. Peace, peace, your idle prate, Heaven's peace
Must be my comfort in adversity.

Y. Stro. *Swash* what shall become of me now, I nere dare go down into *Norfolk* again, every clown will brave me, and bid me go to *London*, and be hang'd as my father was.

Swash. I, and they'll bid *Swash* swing in an Halter as his old Master did.

Enter old Momford lead in by Bels Momford.

Momf. Some good man bring me to an Officer.
It may be a blind wretch may save a subject.

Swash. Master, here's a blind man come to see your father hang'd.

Y. Stro. How a blind man see him hang'd? that were strange indeed *Swash*.

Old Playn. What would that aged man, and that fair Maid?

Swash. I hope she comes to beg my old Master from the Gallows.

Y. Stro. No *Swash* She should have come in her Smock, and then

Swash.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Swash. It may be it is not clean Master.

Momf. I heard the people murmur near my house,
A little Cottage yonder on the Green,
That there was come an ancient man to die,
For killing of a Knight last afternoon,
If it be so, the Knight lives, and no doubt
Will be recovered of his dangerous wounds.

Gloft. Where is he father?

Momf. Yonder in my Cottage.

Swash. O brave, Master he says the Knight's in his God-piece.

T. Siro. No in his Cottage man, thou mistakest.

Momf. He nam'd himself but now, and sent us forth,
To know the truth, and he comes after us,
As well as his green wounds will give him leave.

T. Siro. I marry *Swash*, here's a good old man, and a goodly
Mother, brings news for the nonce, — I wo'd not for all the Bul-
locks in *Norfolk*, th'ad fain out, that my father had fain off.

Gloft. Let *Strowd* come down, I hope *Sir Robert* lives,
And if he do, believe me I'll reprove
This over rash proceedings for *Strowd's* death.

Old Playn. May it please your grace, 'twas Sessions the last day,
Strowd granted he had kill'd him, Indgement past,
And my Sons wife the Daughter to *Sir Robert*,
Hasten'd (with tears) the execution.

Enter Sir Robert Westford.

Swash. Yonder he comes Master, come you had like to make a
fine piece of work here, are you a Knight and can fight no bet-
ter.

Sir Rob. Health to my gracious Lord the Duke of *Gloster*.

Gloft. I am glad *Sir Robert Westford* of your health,
How do you feel your wounds?

Sir Rob. May it please your grace, I hope they will do well,
This good old man, and this fair-comming Maid,
Next under Heaven preserv'd me from death.

Gloft. Be thankfull to them then, and hear ye young *Strowd*,
Consider this poor man, and that fair Maid.

T. Siro. Consider her, — I consider well enough, sirrah *Swash*
methinks it is the prettiest Mother that ere man's eyes look't on.

Gloft. *Sir Walter Playnsey* take *Strowd* to your house,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

His pardon shall be sent you ere you dine,
So upon Sureties let him be discharged;
But hear you young *Strowd*, see you find out *Cumbee*,
Or at my hands never expect a favour.

Y. Strowd. Yes my Lord I'll find him or it shall go hard, vespines
Swash I am mightily smitten in love with yonder Mother, and I ha
not a swelling burning feavour, in every member wou'd I might nere
stir, — yonders *Mr. Playnse* has all the talk with her, and yet hee's
no Batchelar.

Swash. Cannot you go and take her away from him, I co'd do it
my self Matter.

Y. Strowd. He go to 'em, I'll try,
Goddeem to you Sir.

Swash. Pish you are no body Matter, let me alone I have a device
to get him away, and then do you sease upon the Wench: follow
me Master.

Y. Strowd. Oh brave *Swash*'s faith.

Enter a Messenger.

Gloft. Now Sir your news?

Mess. The haughty Cardinal
Taking advantage of your being from home,
Hath with a crue of his Confederates,
Beset *St. Johnses*, and with all his force
Assayls to wrong the Lady *Ellenor*,
And steal her forth the Castle.

Gloft. Is't possible, that this proud Priest dares offer violence
Unto my Troth-plight *Ellenor*?

Mess. 'Tis too true my Lord.

Gloft. Where is he now?

Mess. Rid to the Court my Lord.

Gloft. And thither *Gloster* doth intend to fly,
As swift as quickest speed will give him leave.

Ex. Gloft.

Old Strowd. Come Sir you'll seek those Cozeners,
No doubt thole coperl-mates had my 100 pound,
And do you hear, take your companion with you,
Go and seek them, or for your own part never see my face:
But as for you that trust to every slave,
Wasting my goods, nay jesting out my life,
By false repreeves, and such base practises,
Walk, pack, sink, swim, pine, perish, look not on me,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Will you have found those that have Cony-catch't you.

Y. Stro. Heark hither *Swash*, and it had not been for a blemish to the name of the *Strowd*, w'o'd we had made an end of this brawling at the Gallows, and then thou should'st a seen whether I w'o'd a kept such a coy for a little pawltry los or no, I warrant thee he ha not the honesty, to cast thee a Noble towards the healing of thy crack't Crown, yet every one sayes he gave that ill-fact knave the Hangman five, or six pound.

Swash. I that was to buy him a better face Mr. But give him good words, you know the old man is kind enough.

Y. Stro. I as any Corssen creature, bee's wen with a Apple, and lost again with a nut, but come *Swash* we'll go seek out those Cony-catchers, and ere I catch them, — I'll make them pay soundly all for their roguery.

Exeunt young Strowd and Swash.

Old Playn. Sir *Robert* will you shake hands with Mr. *Strowd*,

Sir Rob. Well he may have my hand but not my heart,
Strowd thou didst wound me, yet thou didst it well,
No more, I'll think on't till my dying day,
I'll sit upon your skirts before, I will.

Capt. West. Oh Uncle have patience.

Sir Rob. You are an Agent for the Child of *Momford*,
I pray you Sir *Walter Playnsfey* make good Bonds,
That *Strowd* abuse me not, look to't I pray.

Old Playn. I warrant you Sir *Robert* I'll be sure
Of such security as you shall like.

Old Stro. Come Captain *Westford*, you shall have the Deeds
Concerning *Momford's* lands past unto you.

Cap. West. I had rather Sir you kept them in your hand.

Old Stro. Well as you please, yet walk with us I pray,
You brought me to the Gallows, bring me back:

Father farewell, farewell good gentle maid,
I'll rest your Debtor till some other time;
But 'twas Sir *Robert's* kindness to reveal his name,
Else Hangman you had had this home-spun suit,
But Heaven be thank't I keep it for my Son,
I hope to drive him from his silken humour.

Cap. West. Come good Mr. *Strowd* will you go?

Old Stro. Gallows farewell, *Strowd's* heart is blithe and bold,
Having escap'd thy danger being thus old,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Exeunt old Strowd, Cap. Westford, and old Playnsey.

Sir Rob. A plague of this blind slave, and that base drab,
Else hadst thou hang'd ere I had been discover'd,
And on my tongue a mischief, that reveal'd
Our purpose in the plot of *Momfords* fall,
But I ha't now. I am resolv'd, hear you *Son Playnsey*,
I pray you give that Maid a mark in gold,
And Father I must crave a word with thee.

Y. Playn. Fair Maid besides his offer take this Gold,
Bess. I pray you pardon me, for all the world
I would not do my soul that injury.

Y. Playn. Divine immortal, all my Souls delight,
Bess. Salute me not with such vain Epithite,
I am wretched, mortal, miserable, poor,
But howsoever base, I'll be no whore.

Y. Playn. Wilt thou be then my wife, for she is dead.
Bess. It's much unlike,

A Gentleman of your worth will vouchsafe,
A Beggars Daughter to your Bridal bed.

Y. Playn. By Heaven I will if thou wilt grant me love;
I'll answer you another time kind Sir,
My father hath no Nurse, no Wife, no childe,
No servant but my self, and he is blind.

Y. Playn. Heark in thine ear one word,

Sir Rob. I, I, I do remember such a tale I told thee,
Come hither good son *Playnsey* thou shalt hear it,
Last night at my first dressing I was Lunatick,
Mad that I was hurt, more than of the hurt,
And in my ravening fit told this old fool,
That thou and I did practise *Momfords* fall,
Now this old Ass believing I said true,
Comes with my Conscience, bids me advise,
And goes about to make a matter on't,
Ha, ha, old fool, go, go, go to thy prayers,
Thou hadst need of eyes to keep thy Daughter honest.
I guess thy cottage be a brothell house,
Talk'st thou of *Momfords* fall and of my madness.

Momf. I do beseech ye hear me for Heaven's sake,

Sir Rob. Tur, tur, do not tell me of Heaven, or Hell,
Prate not, I'll send the now and then a penny,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

But if thou tittle tattle tales of me,
Pie clap thee by the heels, and whip thy Daughter,
Turn thee to the wide world, and let thee starve.
Come come son *Plainsy* let the Knave alone,
Keep's tongue, and keep his friend, else he gets none.

Bess. My Father Sir had pity of your wounds.

Sir Rob. Peace Huswife, I have paid him for his pains.
Come son away, and old man hold your tongue,
Remember this old law, As men are friended,
So either right or wrong their fates are ended.

*Ex. Sir Rob.
and T. Playn.*

Momf. Oh miserable age!

Bess. Oh wretched youth!

Momf. Oh times corrupt by men for want of truth!

Bess. What ailes my father?

Momf. Why exclaims my Daughter?

Bess. *Plainsy* the perjur'd, he that did deride me,
He that did marry *Westford's* only Daughter,
Courts me again to be his Concubine.

Momf. Does he then know thee?

Bess. He makes show he doth not.

Momf. Oh do not trust him Girl, *Westford* and he
Are all compos'd of guile and subtilty.
Alas that this fair world, by sin deform'd,
Should bear upon her bosome such a shape
As *Westford* is; last night expecting death
Terror dwelt on his heart, which forc'd him tell
With tears and lamentations his foul facts,
No sooner had he any hope of health,
But he conspir'd the faultless death of *Serowd*,
And would not have come forth, had not we been,
But till the man had dy'd kept close within.
Now he denies a deed as clear as day,
Threatens poor want, and low-trod poverty
Must not resist men in authority;
Come lead me in, I would my daies were done,
Since vice lyes baits which vertue cannot shun.

Exeunt.

Musick.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

A C T I V.

Enter Tom Strowd and Swash.

T. Stro. **H**OW's this, shall I see all *Norwich* in the corner of a little Chamber? I had as lieve thou hadst told me *Charing cross* stood in *Cheapside*, and all one.

Swash. And you will not believe me you shall see it your self, 'tis in this house, 'tis called a motion: there's first the Master of the motion, then the Master's Mate, the Mate's Consort, the Consort's Cabin-fellow, the Cabin-fellows Hangby, the Hangby's Man, the Man's Boy, the Boy's Page, the Page's Wench, and all these live upon the motion.

T. Stro. This is old excellent y'faith; come, and I had but one cross in the world to bless me with I'd see it; go you afore *Swash* and shew me thither.

Enter Snip like a Wench dress'd up.

Swash. Do you see yon Wench Master? she is Door-keeper, I have given her earnest to enter her soberly, and pass through her quarters at my pleasure.

T. Stro. Is this she? how now pretty Mother? what Gamballs hast ta? canst thou describe them? sen ye?

Snip. Not I Sir, the Master of the Motion can Sir.

T. Stro. Go call him out then, — What's he? is he ashamed to shew his face trow? or is it the fashion trow ye? what Gamballs have ye here now? ha?

Enter Canbee and Hadland disguised.

Can. Why This is *Strowd* that I fetc'd over with the counterfeit Repreeve, but 'tis no matter, wee'll out-face him. Gentlemen the first conceit you are to see is Tumbling.

T. Stro. Stumbling, What stumbling? I think the fellow be straught.

Had. Sir he means Tumbling, and feats of Activity.

T. Stro. Why man that's as stale as *Bancks* court, here were a sort of Tumblers at *Windham* fair last week, and they have made that so stale in *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*, that every Wench is turn'd Tumbler, and ye

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

ha no better matters ye lose my custome I can tell ye Sirs.

Can. You shall likewise see the famous City of *Norwich*, and the stabbing of *Julius Caesar* in the *French Capitol* by a sort of Dutch *Mesopotamians*.

Y. Stro. How the *French Capitol* I nay I remember *Tully's Offices* sayes the *Capitol* that *Caesar* was stab'd in was at *Rome*.

Can. Impute the gross mistake to the fault of the Author; you shall likewise see the amorous conceits and Love songs betwixt Captain *Pod* of *Py-corner*, and Mrs. *Rump* of *Ram-alley*, never described before.

Swash. Good Master let's see Mrs. *Rump* of *Ram-alley*.

Y. Stro. How? Captain *Pod* and Mrs. *Rump*?—I think this snuffling slave flouts us; then y'faith let's see the sawing of the Devil with a wooden saw.

Can. Or if it please you shall see a stately combate betwixt *Tamberlayn* the Great, and the Duke of *Guyse* the less, perform'd on the *Olympick Hills* in *France*.

Y. Stro. *France*?—Thou speakest all *French* to me; but off with this snuffling *French Mask*, and speak in your *English* voyce, or as God sa me I'll beat thy nostrils as flat as a pancake, or a barly froyes.

Had. Alas Sir, the Gentleman has got a mitchance lately, and broke his Brow, that makes him wear a Visard.

Y. Stro. Dost tell me on his Brow? what car'd I and he had broke his Neck, I'll have it off; what are you the Master of the Motion?—I am glad I know it; *Swash* look thee here's *Canby* that cosen'd me with the false Repreeve.

Swash. And here's the slave *Snip* that ran away with your Sword in a Wenches Petticoat; we'll spoyle your motion now we have ye.

Had. I beseech you good Master *Swash*.

Swash. What Gypsie are you turn'd Jugler? I'll tickle you.

Can. Hark ye Mr. *Strowd*.

Had. Mr. *Swash* as you ever came of a woman—

Swash. Let me never come off a woman while I live again if I do not terrifie you, I'll motion you, I'll murder your *Tamberlayn* and his Coach-horses, I'll stab your *Caesar*, I'll ravish your *Rump*, I'll peper your *Pod*, I'll powder your Motion, your *Norwich* shall down, I am fire, and I'll consume your Motion in a twinkling.

Exit with Snip.

Y. Stro. Do *Swash*, and let me alone with these till thou come again.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Had. Mr. *Stro*. For mine own part I protest unto you I love you as dear as the heart in my bosom, and protest unto you it went to the very soul of me to hear how that slave *Canber*, like a Gypsey, cosen'd you of a fatten suit.

T. Stro. How? how's this, was he the Gypsey that cosen'd me of my suit?

Can. Jack y'are a Gypsey; believe him not Mr. *Strowd*, he has been prov'd perjurd, the slave will fight with his own Father for a Jack of Beer, and kill a sucking Infant for a pint of Wine, and where he says I cosen'd you of your suit, 'twas his damn'd counsell that *Swash* was rob'd yesterday of the 100 l.

Had. Mr. *Strowd*, by this hollow tooth that shall tear that slaves Nose like a piece of Swines flesh, 'twas he that rob'd him, and counterfeited the Repreeve; indeed I must confess I had my share; some I have spent, the rest is here, take it Mr. *Strowd*, and think of honest Jack *Hadland* as he deserves.

Can. I must give him some to; Mr. *Strowd* there's 20 l. towards your losses, because I would not have my reputation come in question afore the Protector, nor seem to stain my Lord *Cardinal's* cloath; there should be an old *Harry* Angel amongst it, lend it me to swear by a little.

T. Stro. Not one of them and there were a hundred of 'em.

Can. Let me be torn into mammoicks with wilde Bears if I make not a gallémaufry of thy heart; and keep thy Skull for my quaffing bowl you base cheating Slave.

Y. Stro. — Here's the old Proverb right; When false Theeves fall out; true men come to their own; but say I should take this 40 l. in part of payment, what security shall I have to get the rest? for my Father has vow'd nere to take me for his Son, till I get his mony again, or see you at the Gallows.

Can. Are you fain out with your father? sell in with us, helter shelter, you shall fare no worse than we do.

Y. Stro. — Man, what wouldst thou have me to turn Cony-catcher?

Can. Oh Sir, your only bravest life that can be.

T. Stro. — I think it were not amiss? for I ha seen Wheat and Barley grow amongst cockell and darnell; and many an honest man keep Knaves company; How now *Swash*, what hast thou done?

Enter Swash and Snip.

Swash. I have confounded their Motion, beleaguerr'd their Castle,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Castle, batter'd down the Walls, and taken *Tamberlayn* the blood-Prisoner in a pursute, to the utter undoing of all Motion-Monger, and Puppie-players.

Y. Stro. 'Tis well done *Swash*, but wotts thou what man? I am turn'd Cony-catcher since thou wentst.

Swash. Cony-catcher? the Devill you are?

Y. Stro. Yes y'faith *Swash*, and if thou wou'd do one thing for me now, I'll teach thee to conycatch too when I come into *Norfolk*.

Swash. On that condition Master I'll do it what ere it be.

Y. Stro. Do but go thy waies to *Mile-end-Green* to my sathers lodging at the 3 Colts, & do but tell him I cannot find these fellows yet, but as soon as I do meet with them, tell him he shal hear from me.

Swash. Yes Sir, I'll go tell him you are with 'em, but you bid me say you could not find 'em.

Y. Stro. — By no means *Swash*, then thou mar'st all, tell him I cannot find 'em, make a lye for me now, I'll make two for thee another time.

Swash. Well on this condition you'll teach me to cony, I am content to lye for you.

Ex. Swash.

Y. Stro. Do so; Now Sir, what course will you take, that I may come by the rest of my mony?

Can. Tush we have 1001. tricks when we want cash, one amongst us undertakes the name and habit of some *(washing Italian or French Noble man at least)*, the rest in Liveries attending, then we come and sojourn at some honest Gentlemans house, till we have eat him out of house and home in diet, and wore his credit out at elbows with taking up commodities at his Merchants, in hope to have all his mony at a day, before which day we give him the slip, and to escape pursute attire our selves like Gypsies, Pedlars, Tinkers, or such like disguise; how like you this?

Y. Stro. This is old excellent y'faith; well I see I might a kept company with honest men all the daies a my life ere I should a learn'd half this Knavery; but heark my Masters, yonder's the Blind-Beggar of *Bednall-Green* has the prettiest Mother to his Daughter as a man need to lay his leg over, now if all the wit in your heads can but get her to be my wife, I sho'd think my mony every penny better bestowed than other.

Can. You shall have Sir her.

Y. Stro. Shall, why well said; come then my mad Viragoes I have

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

have spent many a gray groat of honest swaggers, and tear
Plackets in my daies that I never drunk for, and now I'll turn swag-
gerer my self, I'll keep you company and't be but to keep you ho-
nest, true men I cannot, for there's nere a finger on your hands but
is as bad as a lime twig, I'll do my good will, and I can bring ye to
any goodness, then say God a mercy honest *Tom Strowd of Har-*
ling.

Can. Thou shalt be our chief Captain amongst us.

T. Stro. How your Captain? — I'll make all split then, come my
hearts. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Momford and sits down, to him Bess Momford.

Bess. Father, dear father succour me from shame,

Young Mr. *Playnsley* is entered our house,
Hath shut the fore-door up, detains the keys,
And swears to kill me, if I do not yield
To his abhorrid and intemperate lust,
Help me good father o're the Garden pale,
That I may call for succour on the Green.

Momf. No Daughter, sit thee down, sit down by me,
I call you Daughter, being your own desire,
If you be nobly born as you report,
Why should you to escape your own distress
Leave me poor man alone, and comfortless?

Enter T. Playn.

Bess. He comes!

Momf. Let him, sit down, sit down I say.

Bess. O how shall I escape reproach this day?

Momf. Peace, heaven may give my byzon'd eyes their light,
Stretching these crooked limbs strait and upright.

T. Playn. Art thou fled hither? thinkest thou his weak strength
Can free thee? come, why should this frosty ice
Clasp his cold arms about thy flowring spring?
Nay strive not *Bayard*, if ye do, by Heaven
I'll draw my Rapier, and with one thrust
Send thee to *Charon* as a Passenger:

Momf. Oh, I am feeble, pray ye hurt me not,
If it be true, as I have heard it told
You married lately with Sir *Robert's* Daughter.

T. Playn. Father, I hate her, and she scorneth me,
She pules, she sighs, she pines, she leaves her meat,
She flies my Bridal-bed, she bans, she raves

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

That ere her father fors'd her to be mine.

Bess. Good Sir comfort her.

Y. Playn. Comfort thou me, and I will comfort her.

Bess. I will not yield consent to such a sin,
I scorn to be a Princes Concubine.

Y. Playn. Wilt thou be then my wife ?

Bess. No, I have sworn
To dye as pure a Maid as I was born.

Momf. How can she be your Wife ?

Y. Stro. My wife will die.

Momf. Tarry that time.

Y. Playn. All lingering I desie.

Old man I'll make thee happy by thy grant ;
Fair Maid thou shalt be blest in thy consent ;
Deny me and I'll turn a *Torow*,
Murder thy Father, then cut out thy tongue,
Deform thy beauty with the hand of wrath,
Lastly make spoyl of thy Virginity,
Then leave thee wretched; where if now thou yield ;
'Gainst all reproach and wrong I'll be thy shield.

Bess. Help me good Father.

Y. Playn. Bid a sere dry'd Reed

Oppose his sapless strength 'gainst a green Oak;
See me, I am all youth, all love, all beauty,
Thou beauntious, lovely, youthfull, 'tis thy duty
To love thy like, which duty if thou shun,
My hate thy beauntious youth shall overturn.

Momf. Good Sir stand but aside a little while;
I do remember since my self was young
The strong effects of lust; both she and I
Must yield to your desire.

Bess. I'll rather dye.

Momf. Nay say not so, listen to me my Child.

Y. Playn. I marry father if thou canst perswade her.
I'll make thee rich, and one day marry her.

Momf. Fear nothing Child, but use him gently,
And I will fit his hot lust presently.

Y. Playn. Come, what resolve you? either yield or dye.

Momf. Sir I commit my Daughter to your hands,
But I beseech you woo her with fair words,

She.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

She may without compulsion yield at last;
I'll in and weep, for what can I do more?
You're rich and strong, and I am weak and poor.

T. Playn. Hold Father, take that Gold to comfort thee.

Momf. For many few men now shun infamy.

Bess. Ohme, do you forsake me!

Momf. I a while I do,

But *Playnsey* I'll anon be even with you. *Ex. Momf.*

Y. Playn. Now prettie Virgin how are you resolv'd?

Bess. I yield, yet though I yield I bend my knees,

And ere my spotless Virgin shape I leese *Kneels.*

Let me delate the many miseries—

T. Playn. Come do not stain thy lilly cheeks with tears,

Nor fashion to thy self a form of dread,

Thou talk'st of loss of shape, a fair Lass bears

A shape as goodly in lost Maiden-head,

And far more lovely; then with smiling grace,

They boldly look upon a Lovers face,

Try once, then be assur'd thou'lt not refuse,

Hadst thou a hundred Maiden-heads to lose.

Bess. Impious temptation I I defie thee *Playnsey*,

Setting my weak strength to resist thy lust;

Off with thy poisonous hands, help, help me Heaven.

Enter Momford like a Serving-man.

Momf. But a poor earthly man guided by Heaven

Will keep thee from this deed, hatefull as Hell;

Playnsey forbear as thou respects thy life.

T. Playn. Thou Autumn-shaken leaf, thou bare Anatomie,

Thou wither'd Elder-pith, thou shape of death,

Sent by that blind exorcist to disturb

The pleasures that young *Playnsey's* heart affects,

Vanish, I know thou art but lither Ayr,

Thy hand fell lightly on me like thin smok

That is dispers'd amongst the spreading clouds.

Momf. What mak'st thou me a Ghost? come take thy weapons,

Thou shalt soon try I am both flesh and bone. *Fights, Playnsey*

T. Playn. Hold Villain hold!

Momf. No Boy, I am a Man,

Uncle to that wrong'd Maid, the Blind-mans brother,

Who quaking sits within mourning his Child;

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Art not ashamed? no thou art impudent,
Westford and you are flesh't in villanies;
Think on your plot about the banish'd *Momford*,
If you'll repent it I will use you well;
Make means that *Momford* may be proved clear;
As you know best his harmless innocence,
And on a Souldiers word I do protest
Momford shall make your peace, and sue your pardon.

T. Playn, What dost thou mean? what's this thou talk'st to me?

Momf. I talk of Treason, rapine, slander, wrong;
Go get thee to Sir *Robert*, hee's hard by,
I saw him walking up along the Green;
Stand not to talk, if thou accept my offer
I'll be a faithfull servant in this business,
Preserve your credits, and confer with you;
If not, resolve on this, I'll to the King,
And there accuse you of this haynons wrong.

T. Playn, Wilt thou stay here untill I fetch Sir *Robert*?

Momf. I will. Go Maid, help the old man to bed, *Ex. Pl.*
Hee's shrowdly frighted by this violence.

Bess, What reverend man art thou? or Angel rather,
That speak'st these wonders of my banish'd father?

Momf. Go honorable Maiden, *Momford's* Heir,
A little help the old weak blinded man,
That weeping sits within, trembling for dread
Lest *Playnsey* had thy chaste youth injured,
Help him, and then I'll tell thee many wonders.

Bess, To hear but one word of my fathers weal,
I'll undergo all work, all pain, all toyl. *Ex. Bess.*

Momf. Poor Girl, how glad she is to hear the voyce
Of *Momford's* honor? with what nimble speed
She hies to help a shadow, there's no beggar,
No poor blind man, that wants her comforting;
I wonder what she'll think, when she shall find
Only a staff, a scrip, a gown, a bonnet,
And nere a body to make use of them?
She comes, and is amazed as she comes.

Enter Bess.

Bess, Where is the blind man I beseech you Sir?
Alone I find his garments in his Chair,

H

Do

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Do not amaze me, tell me where he is ?

Momf. He is within fair Maid.

Best. Aged man,

I should give credit to your milk-white hairs ;

Tell me, O tell me, why within a Chair

The case is left; are you a Conjuror,

Where is the blind man that I call'd my father ?

Momf. I am no Conjuror, stay here but a while ,

And I will bring the blind-man to thy sight,

Stay here, look on this cloudy Element ,

And I'll produce him to your hearts content.

Ex. Momf.

Best. Alas where am I sure this Beggars Cell

Is a base Cottage to betray my honor ;

I took him at the first to be a Comforter,

But now I see he is expert in shapes :

But why should I dispraise him? he did free

My body from vild *Playnses*'s luxury.

Merthinks he has been all my Joy to me,

Why should there now arise this difference?

Enter Momford like a Beggar.

Momf. Daughter where are you ?

Best. Pray where is your brother ?

Momf. I have no Brother, no kin but one Daughter.

Best. Hee's an inchanter sure, his waies I'll shun.

Momf. Daughter where are you ? I conjure you Child

By the true honor of old *Momford*'s name,

By *Momford*'s faith, that was by fraud exil'd,

You would not let his honor die in shame.

Best. Help me ye powers, that give all Mortals power,

To scape this heavy and too troublous hour,

Spirit avoid me, or if thou be no spirit

Surely it is a dæma'd Magicion.

Fly me, thou alter'd shapes, I do not love thee.

Momf. Thou dost; see here the Gold thou sent'st thy father,

When I, even I my self brought these fair Arms

To wicked *Westford*'s Gate; poor Child be not amaz'd,

I am thy Father *Momford*, by trayterous practise banished,

Best. Ah me, that I have liv'd so long unknown ,

I still had such a hope.

Mom. Fair Child forbear ,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

I know Sir Robert Westford, and this Playnsey,
Or one of them at least, will come forthwith;
Say you the blind man is in his bed sick,
And call me Uncle; come, be comforted,
Our sum of honor in despite of guile
Shall brightly shine in England's Hemisphere,
We have been clouded long, but mauer hate,
Truth will advance desert to honor's state.

Exeunt.

*Enter Sir Robert Westford, Y. Playnsey, Canbee,
Hadland, and Tom Strowd,*

Y. Playn. Dare you trust *Strowd* in this same stratagem?

Can. Tush fear him not, since his father hath given him over, he
hath given o're a'l honesty and lives upon the spoyl; come ye mad
Rogues here's three of us, and here's 30 l. each man take his share,
and with his share his charge; We are all for this mony to cut the
throat of the Blind-beggar, his Brother, and his Daughter.

Y. Stro. How? cut their Throats? — I'll see ye hang'd first.

Can. Jack thou and I will keep quarter at this end of the Green,
and Waylay the old spruce Serving-man, he shall be our share, and
Tom Strowd thou shalt ly at this corner for the wench, for this
way she comes unto the Conduit-head for water, she falls to
thee.

Had. And fall thou to her, and ye can but agree of price.

Y. Stro. Nay let me alone for falling upon the Wench I warrant
ye.

Can. Mr. *Playnsey* and Sir *Robert* do you keep about the old
Mans Cottage, and when you see his Daughter gone knock out his
Brains with his Crutches; thus have you heard your several char-
ges; every man to his Court of Guard, and keep fair quar-
ter.

Sir Rob. Plotted with good discretion; Son *Playnsey*

I like it well, that you and I go walk
Near to this Cottage, for it much concerns us
To see this Beggar dead, upon whose breach
Proud slander sits to blemish our good names,
And blast our honest reputation;

Shake hands and part in hope when next we meet,
Their deaths shall lay all danger at our feet.

Ex. Sir Rob. &

Can. & Had.

Y. Playn. Pray heaven it may; a word good Mr. *Strowd*,
Although you had in charge to kill the Maid,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

I do intreat you use some special-care
In your attempt, and in the stead of death
Tell her I love her dearly, and that love
Enforc'd this shift: for though the Wench be poor,
Yet in the glass of my affection
She seems right wealthy, fair and vertuous;
Commend me to her *Strowd*, and since my wife
Hath given her latest farewell to the world,
Tell her I do intend to marry her;
Mean time convey her to my farm at *Rederiff*,
And there's 10 Angels more for thy reward:
But be as trusty to me, as the thought
That sleeps within my bosome, so adue;
I trust the richest of my hopes with you.

Ready Swash.

Ex. Playn.

Y. Stro. Do so, and I do not deceive you let me dye like a Dog on
a Pitch-fork;—This is excellent, hire me to steal away the Wench
I am in love withall my self, this comes just in the nick y^efaith,
I desire no more, but to meet her. Whose yonder *Swash*? how now?
whither away so fast *Swash* has?

Enter Swash.

Swash. What my young Master? why I am going to the three
Colts to saddle your Fathers Gelding; we both ride into *Norfolk*
this afternoon.

Y. Stro. —Better and better still, thou com'st as fit for the pur-
pose as a Pudding for a Fryers mouth, so dost thou: I do but
stay here to talk 3 or 4 cold words in bugger-mugger with the
Blind-beggars Daughter, and I'll ride down into *Norfolk* with
you; and as God wo'd ha't, yonder comes the Mother.

Enter Bels Momford.

Bels. Oh what content attends this Country life?
Here proud Ambition's emulating eye
Plays not the find-fault; our thatch'd shed is built
Without the reach of Treasons bloody Gripe.

Swash. To her Master; 'tis an old saying in our Country, Long
Standers are but shior: Doers, Wenchies cannot away with
them.

Y. Stro. Ma's *Swash* I think thou sayst true; I'll to her; How
now pretty Mother, whither are you going so fast?

Bels. Alas good Sir I am a poor man's Child,
My Father is the Beggar of this Green,
That lives upon good peoples charities,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

I am agoing with this earthen Pitcher
To fetch clean water from the Conduit-head;
VVe eat the herbs that grow on the Springs brinck,
And count the Conduit-water wholsom drink.

Y. Stro. Nay you drink water you are no hostels for me:

Swash. You are no hostels for me, fie, fie, I am ashamed of you.

Y. Stro. Why? what should I say to her?

Swash. VVhat? you should have prais'd her little foot,
Her handsome shooe belonging to't;
And then a come to her round knee,
And then Master to her belly.

Y. Stro. I marry *Swash*, and I were there once I'de do well enough: but pray thee let me alone, I'll talk to her well enough I warrant thee; this is to the purpose, VVench you know young *Mr. Playnsfey*?

Bess. I do remember I have seen the man,
He loves my Father well; why names he *Playnsfey*?
I hope he'll do me no more injury?

Swash. Fie, fie, what have you to do with *Playnsfey*? come to your own business; as thus you must come upon her, Oh Lady bright, pity this Knight, that in this plight is thus tormented, if you be willing, to be billing, I dare hold a shilling you shall be contented.

Y. Stro. I marry *Swash*, this is excellent yfaith; could'st not thou a taught me this? but all's one *Swash*, I'll win her without these Ballads I warrant you; VVell wench, to come to the point, there's young *Playnsfey* loves you well, and he has hired me to watch for thee here, and carry thee to his Farm house at *Rederiff*, where if he find thee, soon at night thou art like to lose thy Maiden-head afore morning.

Bess. Unhappy wretch, that *Playnsfey* sure was born
To make our House and Family a scorn.

Swash. Shee begins to yield Master, give her not o're, to her again Master.

Y. Stro. I warrant thee *Swash* now I am in let me alone. VVell VVench, this is the plain *English* on't, and thou lovest me no worse than I love thee, instead of carrying thee to his Farm-house at *Rederiff*, I'll ha thee to the Church and marry thee, and of a poor Beggars Daughter, I'll make thee a wealthy *Norfolk* Yeomans

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

wife; what sayest thou to it now sen ye?

Bess. Alas my Father is a poor Blind-man,
And I am all the comfort that he has,
I am his eyes to see, his feet to go,
And hands to dress him, I being gone hee's left
Eyeless, handleless, footless, comfortless,
Yet if you love me as you make a show,
Come to our Cottage; though our State be poor,
We live content and that's a good mans store,

Y. Stro. Lay thee *Swash*, I must go into her Cot-house she says;
Well VVench, and thou wot not go with me, thou art ne're like to
see thy Father, nor his Shed more, for Mr. *Playnsy* and Sir
Robert Westford has hired a couple of false Knaves to cut thy fa-
thers throat, therefore and thou canst love me, say, and hold,
go thou with *Swash* and raise the Town, and I'll go back and save
thy Father's life I warrant thee.

Bess. I'll go with ye, love ye, I'll do any thing so thou wilt save
my aged Fathers life.

Y. Stro. — Let me be hang'd like a Dog and I do not; *Swash*
go you with her and raise the Town, I'll but cross o're the Sum-
mer lay by the Broom field o're goodman *Dawson's* Close and be
with you presently; — whither art thou going? thou dost not hear
me.

Swash. Yes, yes, I must go by the Broom-field, I hear you Sir,
come VVench come.

Y. Stro. Nay since you are so forward hold, take you the Pits-
cher, I'll go with her my self, — I wot not for any thing but I had
turn'd Cony-catcher, here had been a black day with some body
else; come VVench, dry thine eyes, never cry for the matter, the
worst is past, thou shalt see the case altered I warrant thee, I'll save
thy Father's life fear not.

Swash. Oh, oh, oh, I carry the Pitcher I there let it lye, I'll after
them.

Exeunt.

Enter Momford driving in Canbee and Hadland.

Can. — I am hurt.

Had. Hold, and thou com'st of the noble blood of the *Trojan*
hold.

Momf. Nay do not think you desperate Cast-aways,
Though time hath hid me with the rynd of Age,
And hung his snowy livery of my face,

Though

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Though I am old, that I want strength to fight;
If you be men whose fortune's has been shak'd
By the rough arm of want, or Servitors
That have consum'd your living in the wars,
I have a poor blind Brother on this Green,
Who by the Alms of charitable men,
And with the wealth I brought him out of France,
Hath store of Gold, and had you shown your wants
To him or me —

Can. I scorn to make my state known to e're a prowling Beggar
on ye all, we know your Brother has Gold, and 'tis that we
come for,

Had. And we'll ha't or dye for't.

Both. Murther, help, help.

They fight.

Enter Sir Robert Westford, and young Playnsey.

Sir Rob. What murder? where's the Murderers?

T. Playn. Sir Robert draw, it is my friend that's wrong'd.

Momf. Nay I beseech your worship hold your hands,
Though I be old, I am sufficient
To answer two far better men than these.

Can. Sir Robert, as you are a Knight lay hold upon one, who was
~~not~~ content to rob us in the Kings high way, but would likewise
have taken away our lives.

T. Playn. Upon my Soul you do the fellow wrong.

Sir Rob. Nay, nay Son Playnsey, never take his part;
How should the Beggar here of Bednall-Green
Get so much wealth, as the world thinks he hath,
And keep his minion at the Beggars house,
But by such practices? yield up thy weapons,
Or set upon him all, I'll answer it.

Momf. Well, well, Sir Robert Westford, time has been
The Blind-man and his Daughter did deserve
More friendship at your hands: and Mr. Playnsey
I could repeat, but let old matters rest.

Sir Rob. What do ye brave us? set upon the slave.

They beat
M. mf.

T. Playn. What is he gone? how did he scape our hands?

Can. — I know not, I had a full blow at his left leg, I had thought
I had cut it off.

Enter Tom Second.

Tom Seco. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, *Can.* I Pray Heaven keep
the old man from killing ere I come, and I care not.

Can.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Can. What *Tom Strowd*? well met, where's the Wench? is she safe?

T. Stro. Safe! Dost thou make a question on't? I warrant she is safe enough for telling any more tales, I am no Bunglar about a VVench; but where's the Blind-beggar and his Brother?

Can. The Beggar is a Devil, and his Brother his familiar; here's old *Madge* has bit off 100 and 50 Legs and Arms in her daies; and yet she could not so much as draw blood of him, hee's Musket-proof, or he had dyed for't else.

T. Playn. She is at *Rederiff* then, there I sent *Strowd*; VVe'll end this task, and then I'll visit her: But here's the Cottage, pull the Villain out, Hee's both a Fellow, and a Murderer.

They knock.

Enter Momford like a Beggar.

Momf. VVhat means this outrage at a Blind mans door? Are *Englishmen* become so inhumane That Beggars cannot scape their violence?

Sir Rob. Leave this dissembling, and send forth thy Brother, For he hath rob'd these honest Gentlemen, VVe follow'd him, and saw him enter here, Therefore dispatch, and either send him out, Or else wee'll lock the Doors upon you both, And fire the rotten Cottage 'ore your ears.

Momf. Indeed I must confels I have a Brother, An antient Serving-man, maym'd in the wars Under Lord *Momfords* colours.

T. Playn. For naming *Momford* run him through the heart.

T. Stro. — Touch him he that dares; as God sa' me I'll be his Priest that toucheth but a hair of him?

Can. Strowd. I hope you do but jest with us.

T. Stro. Jest me no jests, shall ne're be said, *Tom Strowd* of *Harling* stood by and saw a Blind-man murdered, therefore courage old Father, set thy back to mine, and cover thy head with thy Crutches; I'll take up my lodging on Gods dear ground, er'e thou shalt take any harm, for the pretty Mother thy Daughters sake.

Enter old Playnsley, old Strowd, and Captain VWestford, Sill. Clark.

Old Playn. How now? what quarrels have we here? *Sir Robert Westford*, it ill beicems a man of your estate To have a hand in such unlawfull riots;

Are

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Are you there Son? have you so soon forgot
The timeleſs death of your deceased wife,
To follow ſuch unſeemly praſtiſes?

Old Stro. Ha, ſelt me ſo? doſt take the blind mans part?
Th'art a *Sirend* right, a *Norfolk* Yeoman right,
To take part with the weakeſt; Well done my Boy,
I do forgive all matters that are paſt,
For joy to ſee thy heart ſo well inclin'd.

T. Stro. VVhy I thank you Father, and I forgive you too
withall my heart.

Sir Rob. *Sir Walter Playnſey* you are miſ-inform'd,
We come with no intent of injury,
Theſe Gentlemen were Strangers unto us,
We found fore hurt and rob'd by a falſe Theef,
And Brother to this Beggar, whom we ſaw
Enter into his houſe.

Old Playn. What ſay'ſt thou Father?
Know'ſt thou of ſuch a praſtiſe by thy Brother?
Or to thy knowledge is he in the houſe?

Momſ. *Sir Walter Playnſey*, that I take's your name,
So help me Heaven, as I am ignorant
From any ſuch lewd praſtiſe of my Brothers:
But ſince your worſhips here, I'll call him forth
In perſon, to make answer for himſelf,
Deſiring you to pardon me a while,
For what with ſorrow and with cares down preſſ,
My ſightleſs eyes had need to take their reſt.

Exit.

Old Payn. Send us thy Brother and be thou diſcharg'd :
But Mr. *Sirend*, what can you ſay to this?

T. Stro. Faith Sir, 'tis a common ſaying in our Country, You
ſhall know by the Market-folks how the Market goes; and none
knows their Knavery better than I; that was one of their com-
pany. Father do you ſee thoſe two fellows there?

Old Stro. I ſon, what of them?

T. Stro. Why theſe were they that coſen'd me of my ſattin ſute,
and with the falſe Repreeve that had like to a hang'd you, and rob'd
Swab of the 100 l. too,

Old Stro. What theſe Gentlemen?

T. Stro. Gentlemen! as God mend me, a couple of as arrant Co-
ny-catchers as e're piſt,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Old Stro. Is't possible Son?

T. Stro. Push, you are a Fool Father, you know nothing, I have paid for my learning; and falling into their company in hope to get some satisfaction for all my losses; it was my chance to be by when Sir *Robert Westford* and Mr. *Playnsy* there gave them 30 l. to murder the Blind-beggar, his Brother, and his Daughter: but by my means the Beggar and his Daughter are alive, but what's become of his Brother I know not; this, as I am *Tom Strowd* of *Harling*, and a true-hearted *Norfolk*-man, I'll justify against one, two, three, or the whole pack of 'em, when, where, or how they dare, for the very ears and guts of 'em all.

Can. Strowd, y^e are a Nit, a Slave, and a Pessant.

T. Stro. How a Fessant? — I scorn to soyl my hands about thee: but and I had thee alone, with a tough *Athen* Gibbet in my hand, and I did not dry bang ye all one after another, I'd eat no meat but Mustard; sen ye?

Old Playn. *Strowd* have a care you speak nought but truth,

Old Stro. And speak the truth Boy as thou art my Son.

T. Stro. And I do not I'll give you leave to call me Cut, sen ye?

Old Playn. Sir *Robert Westford* this concerns you near,
And Son it touches your reputation too?

T. Playn. But it shall touch his life that Authors it;
Strowd you are a villain, and for old grudge *Enter Momford*
Betwixt your Father and Sir *Robert Westford*, *like a Scr-*
Forg'd this surmise, as both these Gentlemen *ving man.*
Are ready on their oaths to justify.

Can. No more, here comes the Slave that rob'd us.

T. Stro. Rob'd ye I of what I throw? of your good conditions?

Had. This is he that hack't my Thygh like a leg of Beef.

T. Stro. Thou lyest like a Theef.

Old Playn. Are you the Blind-mans Brother?

Momf. Sir, I am.

Old Playn. You are accus'd here of a Robbery,
What can you answer in your own defence?

Momf. Sir *Walter Playnsy*, and good Captain *Westford*,
First as I look for comfort from above,
I never nur'd a thought to that intent:
Indeed these Gentlemen, Strangers to me,
Did draw upon me, and as I suppose,
By the provokement of Sir *Robert Westford*

And

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

And Mr. *Playnsey*, sought to take my life.

Old Playn. What reason should they have for that?

Momf. Your worship shall perceive; Sir *Robert Westford*
Wounded by *Stromd*, and desperate of life,
Confest unto my Brother the Blind-man,
That by the means of him and Mr. *Playnsey*
They counterfeited these Letters that wrought
Momford's banishment; Besides all this,
My Sword shall justifie, that first by bribes,
And then by forcive means he would have forc'd
My Niece unto his lust. All this is true,
And this I'll justifie upon their bodies in the open lists.

T. Playn. Thou dar'st not for thy life?

Momf. Playnsey. I dare,
And wo'd my Sovereign Liege give me but leave,
This Sun should see thy Treasons punished.

Sir Rob. Wert thou a Gentlemen as thou art a Slave,
I'de make thee eat thy words or dig thy Grave.

T. Stro. Eat a Pudding's end, the old man shall take no wrong.
Sir.

Cap. West. Sir *Robert Westford*, your Gentility
Shall not tread down the truth; long has my Soul
Thirsted for this occasion; for when I saw
You falsifie your faith, wedding your Daughter
Unto *Playnsey's* Son, that was the Troth-plight Husband to *Bess*
Momford,

I thought as much as this poor man now speaks,
And will in single combate prove as much;
He of you both that thinks himself most touch'd,
Take up my Gage.

T. Playn, Westford I'll answer thee.

Can. And I'll maintain Sir *Robert Westford's* cause.

Momf. Take up my Glove then.

Sir Rob. Give me it, I'll maintain it my self.

Had. This shall justifie that *Stromd*

And that base Villain were agreed to murder us.

T. Stro. Is the wind eie that door, I'll take up thy Glove; but
— and I bang not thy Coxcomb; hang me la.

Old Playn. I hope this challeng'd combate will decide the truth.

Cap. West. Which Heaven assisting, and the King well pleas'd,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Shall be perform'd this present afternoon ;

I'll to the King, and never raise my Knee from the cold earth,
Till I obtain, by privilege of fight

A black revenge for worthy *Momford's* fall. *Ex. Cap. West.*

T. Playn. And thither *Westford* will I follow thee,

Or born upon the wings of my just cause,

Arive before thee.

Exit T. Playn.

Sir Rob. Each man take his way,

St. George and Conquest guide our swords this day. [*Exeunt, manent*

Old Stro. Courage my Boy, if thou prevail in fight, [*the Strowds.*
I'll swear Lord *Momford* hath not had his right.

T. Stro. Courage sa' ye ? as God mend me, I respect them no
more than I do a flap with a Fox tayl, and I do not beat 'em as ye
sho'd cuple a side of dry'd Stock-fish, I'll be bound to go to *Rome*
with a Morter a my head.

Old Stro. Why well said my Son, let's away.

T. Stro. But heark ye Father ; you know I am to go amongst
the Court-nowles, you must needs let me have good store of merr
with me, let not the name of *STROWDS* be disgrac'd, I pray Fa-
ther.

Old Stro. Tush Boy, fear not, I'll carry 500 l. with me, and that
shall fly ere thou want.

T. Stro. — And I'll bring some of my own too, or it shall go
hard. *Exeunt.* *Musick.* *Cornets.*

A C T V.

Sound Trumpets. *Enter King Harry the 6th. Gloster, Cardinal,
Lady Ellanor, and Lords attending.*

King. **V**Ncle of *Gloster*, and Lord Cardinal,
Since all our Court has put on smooth-fac'd mirth,
Only to grace your Honor'd Mariage,
Embrace each other in the arms of Love,
And as you joyn your hands, so let your hearts
Knit your affections in a friendly league.

Gloster.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Gloft. *Glofter* speaks first, yet speaks he not in fear,
As begging *Bewford's* friendship, but in love.
Both to his King, and to fair *Englands* good;
Yet ere I set my hand to this new League,
Bewford, if any undisgested wrong
Lyes in thy swelling bosome, freely speak't,
And *Glofter* will as freely answer it:
But if thy Conscience be as clear from soyl
Of hatefull treachery, as *Glosters* is,
Give me thy hand, and with thy hand thy heart,
Which *Glofter* will as charily regard,
As the best blood that's chamber'd in his breast.

Card. On that Condition *Bewford* gives his hand,
And from his heart wipes off all forepass'd wrongs.

King. Witness this League Lords, and now Ant *Ellenor*
Heaven give you joy, both of our Uncles love,
And of this new born peace. Now Uncle *Glofter* I desire to know
The cause of *Momford's* treason, and his fall,
Which he hath lately undergone in *France*?

Gloft. His fall my Liege was great, but his offence
Little or none; for by *Velleires* his means,
Who as a Prisoner now attends your Grace,
I have found out since *Momford's* banishment,
That all his accusations were false.

King. Yet *Guynes* in which Lord *Momford* had a charge,
Was yeelded up by Treason.

Gloft. True my Liege,
I have known *Momford* in my Brothers days,
Put in great trust; yet never heard
That he was found disloyal in his charge.

King. And Uncle *Glofter*, we have always had
His honor'd age in reverent esteem.
We hear he had a Daughter, where lives she?

Gloft. Thrust out of all by one old *Westford's* means.

King. Methinks 'tis hard the Child should not enjoy
The riches that the painfull Father left.

Good Uncle *Glofter* let it be your care,
To see old *Momford's* Daughter have her right.
But what grave man is that?

Enter old Pl.

Gloft. Sir *Walter Playnsfey*,

The

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

The bosom friend unto exiled *Momford*.

King. Sir *Walter Playnsey*, by our Uncles leave
I pray stand up, methinks those reverent hairs
Deserve a softer pillar than the ground;
I pray stand up, and boldly speak your mind.

Old Playn. My Sovereign Liege, your Subject comes in love
To let you know, that divers Gentlemen,
On what presumption they themselves best know,
Have underta'en to prove in open field,
That the Lord *Momford* who late fell in *France*,
Was treacherously accus'd.

Gloster. Why? 'twas your Son
That first produc'd his accusation.

Old Playn. Your Grace will give me leave to clear my self,
For I was neither privy to that fact,
Nor speak in his excuse; he is my Son,
But if in malice he hath wrong'd Lord *Momford*,
Let him have Justice, and the Law take place.

King. Are they resolv'd to try it out in fight?

Old Playn. They are my Liege, and only wait your pleasure.

King. Even what our Uncle *Gloster* will set down

We do assent to,

Gloster. Herald fetch them in,
See them at all points arm'd.

Enter with Drum Sir Robert West, young Playn, Canbee and Had-
land. At the other Door old Momf. Cap. West, Tom Stroud,
and old Stroud, and Bess.

Gloster. Who is the Plaintiff?

Momf. I my gracious Lord.

Gloster. Reach him the Book, and thereon take thine Oath,
That thou art neither drawn by bribes nor hare
To undertake this Combat. — 'Tis enough.
Speak truth, and nought but truth, so help thee Heaven.

Momf. Pleaseth your Grace, this in a word is all,
Sir *Robert Westford* and Mr. *Playnsey* there confess
To a Blind-man, in hearing of that Maid,
That *Playnsey* and himself did counterfeit
The Letters that wrought *Momfords* banishment.

Gloster. Give him the Book, now answer on thine oath
In thy defence.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Sir Rob. Then first my Liege 'tis false,
Next hee's a Felon, and by force of arms
Offer'd to rob these honest Gentlemen
In the high way.

T. Stro. — Then I can hold my tongue no longer, it's an arrant
lye my Lord, that's the plain *English* on't : for I was by when Sir
Robert Westford and Mr. *Playnsey* gave them 30*l.* to murder the
Blind-beggar, his Brother, and his Daughter, and if I had not
been, they had been all kill'd too, so had they.

King. Fellows what do you say to this ?

Can. My Liege I cannot talk, grant me the Combate, and my
Sword shall prove I am a Souldier, and my tongue nere knew the
art of scolding.

Gloft. Give him his will, alarum to the fight.

King. Stay, for me thinks there is some difference,
Both in their years, and their conditions,
And for we highly prize our Subject lives,
Good Uncle *Gloster* let them choose their weapons,
It may be a means to save their lives.

Gloft. And hearten others in pursute of knowledge,
Herauld bring forth all sorts of weapons,
'Tis the King's pleasure that every man
Make choice of those weapons he hath practis'd most.
Sir Robert chuse your weapon first.

Sir Rob. Thanks to my Liege: the common fight of these same serving
men is sword and dagger, therefore I'll chuse the sword and target
they are unskilfull in; I take the sword and target for my defence.

Momf. And my Liege, because *Sir Rob. Westford* shall not think
I'll take any advantage, I'll answer him at his own weapons.

King. 'Tis well; on to the next.

T. Playn. Come Captain *Westford*, you have been in *Spain*,
And well are practis'd in the desperate fight of single Rapier ?

Cap. West. *Playnsey* I am pleas'd.

King. So are not we, the single Rapier is too desperate,
And therefore choose some other weapon,
Or we will have no Combat fought this day.

T. Playn. Backsword then and't please your Grace.

King. So, we are pleas'd.

Can. Sirrah *Jack*, methinks Sword and Bucklet's a safe fight.

Had. I'll choose no other, and I had a thousand lives.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

Tom, Stro. I do, take your bars of Iron, and your Barn-doors, and I do not bang 'em together like a couple of Cur-dogs, I'll nere be seen again.

King. Sirrah thou fellow.

T. Stro. Anon.

King. What weapons wilt thou use?

T. Stro. Weapon me no weapons, I can play at wasters as well as another man; but all's one for that, give me but an ashen Gibbee in my hand, and I do not dry-bang them both, I'll be bound to eat hay with a horse, so will I.

King. An ashen-gibbet? what dost thou mean by that?

T. Stro. What do I mean by it quoth ye?—I think you be sib to one of the *London-Cockneys*, that ask't, whether Hay-cocks were better meat broy'd or roasted, an ashen Plant, a good Cudgell, what sho'd I ca it?

King. If there be such a weapon in the Court, let one go fetch it him.

T. Stro. Nay I'll make a page of my own age, and fet it my self. *Swash* bring out my blest Beggar there.

Enter Swash with an ashen-Gibbet.

Swash. Yes Sir, here's your blest Beggar Master.

T. Stro. Look ye Sirs, this is en it, and I do not cudgell 'em both with it, I'll give you leave to stick me up at the Court-gate for a Pissing-post, so will I.

King. But two to one is oddes, rather fight single.

T. Stro. No, they know me well enough, I have cudgelled them both afore now.

King. Well, if thou dare oppose them both, have thy desire.

King. Alarum to the flight.

Alarum. *They fight, and Momford's side wins.*

King. Fellow, dost hear?

T. Stro. Anon?

King. What should I call thy Country, and thy name?

T. Stro. Sen ye?

Glost. The King wo'd know thy Country, and thy name?

T. Stro. My name? I am not a sham'd of my name, I am one *Tom-Srowd of Harling*, I'll play a gole at Camp ball, or wrassel a fall a the hip, or the hin turn with ere a Courtroll of ye all, for 20 quarters of Malt, and march me height for height.

King. A lusty fellow trust —

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

We have too few such Subjects in our Land; where's the Blind-beggar and his brother?

T. Stro. Where the Blind-beggar is I know not, but here's the pretty Mother his Daughter; and thou beest a kind Springall speak a good word for me to my father that I may have her, and as God mend me and ere thou com'st into *Norfolk* I'll give thee as good a Dish of Dumplings as e're thou layd'st thy lips too, so will I, sen ye?

Old Stro. How? mary with a Beggar? mix the blood of *Stromds* with a tatter? either cast her off, or I will cast off thee.

T. Stro. Now we shall have a coyl with ye; and ye were not my father I'd knock your pate, so wo'd I.

Old Stro. How's that? do and thou dare.

Momf. *Strowd*, though she be Daughter to a poor Bind-man that long hath liv'd on good mens charity, do not disdain her. Be her birth as it may, the portion I'll give with her, deserves as good a Husband as your Son.

T. Stro. Bate me an ace of that qd, *Bolton*, yet I would I had her as naked as my nayl.

Old Stro. As good a portion as my Son? proud Beggar, 'Tis not your Clapdish and your patch'd Gown can do't.

Momf. However poor, good Sir digrace me not.

Old Stro. 'Tis my disgrace to be out-worded by a Beggar? But and thou be'st such a well-monied man

As thou dost brag, dar'st drop old Angels with me?

And he that out-drops other, take up all?

Momf. That were ambition in a beggar Sir.

Cap. West. 'I were credit for thee, and thou couldst out-drop him,

Momf. So please my Liege to give me leave, I'll venture That small Estate I have.

King. We are content,

'Mongst cares 'tis fit to mix some meriment.

Momf. Come hither Daughter; are you ready Master?

T. Stro. — To him Father, never lose a hog for a halfp^worth of tar; come old fellow bring thy white Bears to the stake, and thy yellow gingle boys to the Bull-ring; — Father wherefore do you hang an arse so? they are all our own and there were a comb seck full on 'em

Momf. I thus begin.

Old Stro. And thus I answer thee.

Momf. Thus I reply.

Old Stro. And thus do I joyn issue.

The Blind Beggar of Bednall-Green.

T. Stro. I had rather joyn issue with the Mother a great deal, had I.

Old Stro. Some more mony *Swash.*

Swash. Here Master, we'll outdrop the Beggar, we'll make Gill sweat else.

Old Stro. Hast thou any mony about thee *Tom?*

T. Stro. An hundred angels, and a better peny, Pigs of your own Sow Father.

Momf. There's 20 more.

Old Stro. More yet? the Rascal will disgrace me; more yet?

T. Stro. And yet too, —you think beggars ha' no'lice father.

Gleff. Why how now *Strowd*, begins it to be low water with ye?

Old Stro. I am e'en run a ground, have drop'd till I can drop no more.

T. Stro. You must e'en burn of the spit, for I have no more oyl of Angels to bast you father.

Old Stro. Nor thou *Swash?*

Swash. Only a broken three farthings that I kept in a corner to buy my wench pins with.

Momf. All this is mine then.

Old Stro. I not deny't, 'tis true

That was our match, and so good Gold adue.

T. Stro. —I have brought my hogs to a fair Market, must I lose the Mother and all my Gold too?

Old Stro. Yes faith, all's gone *Tom.*

T. Stro. This is your foolery Father, and I had don't, we sho'd have had such a scolding with you.

Momf. Then *Strowd* where thou before didst scorn my Daughter, Now I do scorn thy Son; not mov'd through hate,
For *Strowd* I hold thee a most honest man,
For right thou didst unto Lord *Momford's* Daughter,
And since thy Son did save my poor Girls life,
And rescued mine with hazard of his own,
This Gold which by our bargain is all mine
I freely give him towards his marriage.

King. Trust me a gallant Beggar.

T. Stro. Beggar? — He might be a King for his bounty, for he gives away all.

Swash. I know the reason of that, he can beg more, and Begging be so good an occupation wo'd I had been bound Apprentice to't seven years ago, there was somewhat to be got by it then, 'tis out of request now.

T. Stro.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall-Green.

T. Stro. This is old excellent, here carry't to my Chamber *Swash*,
and lock the door fast I charge thee.

Swash. And I meet no false Knaves by the way; *Canbee* and *Had-*
land here had been a simple boon for you now. *Exit.*

Momf. And now my Lord, since *Momford* is prov'd clear,
And his Accusers have confest their guilt,
I freely give my Daughter to the man,
Who for the love of *Momford* (lov'd of all)
Will take her to his wife.

Cap. West. For *Momford's* sake, whose honor'd deeds
Are writ up with the blood of the proud *French*,
Were she the meanest and deformed'st Creature
That treads upon the bosome of the earth,
Westford wo'd take, love, live and marry her.

Momf. Nay then I see that virtue shall find friends;
Take her good Captain, and for *Momford's* sake
Use the Maid kindly.

T. Stro. Why farewell 40 pence, I ha fist fair and caught a
frog; well Mother, though I am no Gentleman, I co'd ha brought
you to more Land than a score on 'em, thou should'st have had 40
as fair milch kine to your payl, as a man sho'd need to see in a
Summers day, 4 yoaik of Oxen, and three team of Cart-horses; be-
sides thou should'st have had thine ambling nag, and thy sides
saddle to ha rid on, a little easier than to be jaunted up and down
London Streets in a lethern wheel-barrow; and then of the other
side there's the old woman my Mother, she would have made thee
a vild-good Huswife could have taught thee how to a made
butter, and flap-jacks, fritters, pancakes, I and the rarest fools, all the
Ladies in the Land know not how to turn their hands to 'em:
But I'll take my leave on thee with an oh good night Land-lady
the Moon is up.

Momford discovers himself.

Cap. W. Gl. Card. Momford I

King. Bold *Momford* living, and proved Loyal;
Thy Love like a rich Jewel we will wear
Next to our heart; upon those Gentlemen
That have maintain'd and proved faithfull,
We do confer a 100 Crowns a piece.

Momf. Your Grace in this does *Momford* double right;
And noble Country-men while we do live,
Your Love and Valour must not be forgotten,

The Blind-Beggar of Bednall Green.

Old Playn. How is't you will we deal with your Accusers?
King. That we refer unto our Uncle *Gloster*,
Who better knows those passages than we.

Gloft. Since 'tis your will my Liege, then thus't must be,
For you *T. Playnsey* and *Sir Robert Westford*
Receive a legal Tryal; *Canbee* and *Hadland*,
We for a President will have you sent
Out of the Land to dateless banishment.

Can. Thanks your good Honor, and we'll do you more good by
cheating your enemies abroad, than ever we did hurt by cosening
honest subjects at home.

King. Good Uncle *Gloster*, we commend your care
For throwing out such rank weeds forth our Land,
Whose weaken'd body hath been sick too long,
Wanting the helps that should have made it strong.
'Mongst whom Lord *Momford* you are not the least,
(Pray Heaven you be the last) whom this wilde beast,
Ambitious treason sought to ruinate:
But in requital of your more than wrong
We make you here our Lord High-Treasurer;
And Captain *Westford*, make you General
Of all our forces muster'd up 'gainst *France*.
Thus our disjointed Kingdom being made strong,
Each Member seated in his proper seat,
Let's in to praise his name, whose powerfull hand
Protects the safety of our peacefull Land.

JOHN DART



FINIS

